

THE
CANADIAN MONTHLY
AND NATIONAL REVIEW.

VOL. 5.]

MAY, 1874.

[No. 5.

THE OLD FORTS OF ACADIA.

BY J. G. BOURINOT.

THE tourist will find many memorials of the days of the French régime throughout the Provinces which were once comprised within the ill-defined and extensive limits of *Acadia*, and are now known as Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. These memorials must be sought among a few communities speaking a language sadly degenerated from the Norman and Breton French of their ancestors, in a few grass-covered mounds, or in the names of many of the bays, rivers, and headlands of the Acadian country. Port La Tour, on the western coast of Nova Scotia, recalls the time when the high-spirited, courageous Frenchman, the rival of the treacherous D'Aulnay, was labouring to establish himself on the peninsula. The Gaspereau was the name given to a rapid stream, which winds its way through the very garden of Nova Scotia, by the ancestors of that hapless people whom a relentless destiny, and the mandate of an inexorable Government, snatched from their old homes

in "the sweet Acadian land." The island of Cape Breton, which once bore the proud name of "Ile Royale," still wears the more homely and also more ancient name which was given to its most prominent Cape by some of those hardy Breton sailors who, from the very earliest times, ventured into the waters of the northern Continent. Louisbourg still reminds us of the existence of a powerful fortified town, intended to overawe the English in America and guard the approaches to the Laurentian Gulf and River. The Boularderie Island is a memento of a French Marquis, of whom we would never have heard were it not for the fact that his name still clings to this pretty green island which he once claimed as his seigneurie. The Bras d'Or yet attests the propriety of its title of "the Golden Arm," as we pass through its lovely inlets and its expansive lakes, surrounded by wooded heights and smiling farms.

The French had at best but a very pre-

carious foothold in Acadia. At a few isolated points they raised some rudely constructed forts, around which, in the course of time, a number of settlers built huts and cultivated small farms. The rivalry between England and France commenced on the continent as soon as the British Colonies had made some progress, and prevented the French ever establishing flourishing settlements all over Acadia. At no time was the French Government particularly enamoured of a country which seemed to promise but a scanty harvest of profit to its proprietors; for the history of Acadia shows that the Kings of France and their Ministers left its destinies for years in the hands of mere adventurers and traders. In the course of time they began to have some conception of the importance of Acadia as a base of operations against the aggressive New Englanders, and were forced at last, in self-defence, to build Louisbourg on the eastern coast of Ile Royale. But then it was too late to retrieve the ground they had lost by their indifference during the early history of the country. Had the statesmen of France been gifted with practical foresight, they would have seen the possession of Acadia was an absolute necessity to a power which hoped to retain its dominion by the St. Lawrence and the great Lakes.

I. PORT ROYAL.

The history of the first fort raised by the French in Acadia illustrates the difficulties which the pioneers of France on this continent had to contend against from the very outset of their perilous experiment of colonization. When the adventurers came to Acadia with De Monts—the feudal lord of half a continent by virtue of Henry's royal charter—there was not a single European settlement from the frozen Pole to the ancient Spanish town of St. Augustine, among the swamps of Florida. When the rock-girt islet of the St. Croix was found

altogether unsuitable for their first settlement, the French with one accord sought the lovely basin, surrounded with well-wooded hills and a fertile country abounding with game, which is now known as the basin of the Annapolis, one of the inlets of the Bay of Fundy, so noted for its "tides" and "bores." Two hundred and seventy years ago, the first timbers of the fort were raised on the banks of the Equille, now the Annapolis River, by the command of Baron de Poutrincourt, who was the first seigneur of that domain. The French were enchanted with the scenery and their new settlement. "It was unto us a thing marvellous," says the first historian of America, "to see the fair distance and the largeness of it, and the mountains and hills that environed it, and I wondered how so fair a place did remain desert, being all filled with woods. * * * At the very beginning we were desirous to see the country up the river, where we found meadows almost continually above twelve leagues of ground, among which brooks do run without number, coming from the hills and mountains adjoining. The woods are very thick on the shores of the water."

A chequered history was that of Port Royal from the day of its foundation. Men who have borne a prominent part in the colonization of this continent were among the first inhabitants. Champlain, the founder of Quebec; De Poutrincourt, the chivalrous, zealous chief of Acadian colonization; L'Escarbot, the genial, chatty historian, are among the men who throw a bright halo around the history of the first fort. L'Escarbot has left us a pleasing description of the trials and successes of the pioneers, in which we see illustrated all the versatility and vivacity of the French character. When we read his account of the doings of the colonists, we must regret that there had not always been a L'Escarbot in aftertimes to describe the varied incidents of the career of the fort, until the *fleur-de-lis* was lowered for ever on its bastions. Let us briefly

describe three scenes which show the varied features of Acadian life more than two hundred and fifty years ago.

Let us go back, in imagination, to a winter day in the beginning of the seventeenth century. The hills and valleys of the surrounding country are covered with snow, but the pines and spruce are green as ever. The water is frozen around the shore, but the tides still rush in and out of the spacious basin, and keep it comparatively free from the icy bonds which fetter the rivers and lakes of the interior. On an elevated point of land, near the head of the basin and by the side of a river, we see a small pile of wooden buildings, from whose chimneys rise light columns of smoke in the pure atmosphere, to speak of bounteous cheer and grateful warmth, but a very unpretentious pile of buildings to hold the fortunes of ambitious France on a wilderness continent! A quadrangle of rudely constructed buildings surrounds a courtyard, and comprises the stores, magazines and dwellings of the French. The defences are palisades, on which several cannon are mounted. Stumps peep up amidst the pure snow, and a log hut here and there tells us of some habitation more adventurous than the others. Above one of the loftiest roofs floats the banner of France.

When we think that these rude works are almost alone in the American wilderness, we can have some conception of the ambition and courage of the French pioneers. If we enter the spacious dining-hall, which is situated in one of the principal buildings of the quadrangle, we find a pleasant and novel scene. A huge fire of maple logs blazes on the large, hospitable hearth, and as the bell gives the summons for the noon-day dinner, we see a procession of some fifteen or sixteen gentlemen march gaily into the hall, and lay a goodly array of platters on the table. At the head is probably Champlain, the steward of the day, according to the rules of "*L'Ordre de Bon Temps*," with his

staff of office in his hand, and the collar of his office around his neck. Each guest bears a dish, perhaps venison, or fish or fowl, which has been provided by the caterer for the day. The faithful Acadian Sachems, old Memberton, and other chiefs and braves, sit squatted before the fire, and nod approvingly as they see this performance repeated day after day. A bounteous feast is enjoyed, and many witty jokes, songs and stories go around the board, for the company numbers men of courtly nurture, heroic daring and scholarly culture, who know well how to console themselves during their banishment to this Acadian wilderness.

The next scene is one often witnessed in the early times of French colonization. Wherever the French adventurer found himself, he never failed to show his Christian zeal. One of the first acts of Baron de Poutrincourt, after he had established himself at Port Royal, was to have old Memberton and the other Indians admitted within the pale of the Roman Catholic Church. On a fine June day the converts, to the number of twenty-one, assemble on the shore in front of Port Royal, and then follow the religious ceremonies under the directions of Priest La Flèche. The "gentlemen adventurers," the soldiers, the *habitans*, appear in all their finery. The rites are performed with all the pomp of that Church which, above all others, understands so well how to appeal to the senses of the masses. A *Te Deum* is sung, and the cannon send forth a volley in honor of the first baptism of the savages of Acadia. The Indians receive the names of the first nobility in France, and are rewarded by presents from the zealous Frenchmen, who were mightily pleased with their religious triumph. Similar scenes were often enacted in later times, at Hochelaga, on the Ottawa, by the western lakes and rivers, and on the border of the Gulf of Mexico.

The next episode is one of gloom and misfortune. On a bright summer's day, in 1613, a ship sailed up the basin, to the

astonishment of the *habitans* who were busy in the fields. Was it the long expected ship from France? Had their friends beyond the seas at last recollected the struggling colony, and sent soldiers and supplies to its assistance? No! The Red Cross of England floated from the masthead of the stranger. The farmers fled to the forest, to warn the Commandant and his soldiers, who were absent on some expedition; and the fort became an easy prey to Captain Samuel Argall, a rough sea-captain, authorized to destroy the French settlement by Sir Thomas Dale, the Governor of Virginia, then rising into importance as the first English plantation on this continent.

When Argall destroyed Port Royal, both France and England were fairly entering upon the contest for supremacy in the New World. Port Royal again rose from its ashes, but its history thenceforth affords few episodes of interest except sieges; for a L'Escarbot never again lived within its walls, to enliven its inmates and hand down to future times the story of its adventurous career. The *fleur-de-lis* or the Red Cross floated from the fort, according as the French or the English were the victors in the long struggle that ensued for the possession of Acadia. In 1710 the English colonies, which had suffered much from the depredations of the French, sent an expedition against Port Royal, under the command of Francis Nicholson, who had been Governor of several of the Provinces. The French Governor, M. Subercase, endeavoured to defend the fort, but his garrison was in a very pitiable condition, and unable to withstand the attacks of the besiegers for any length of time; consequently he capitulated towards the latter part of October. The fort had been considerably strengthened, and was on a much larger scale than the one erected by De Poutrincourt, but, nevertheless, Port Royal was only an insignificant port compared with Quebec or Louisbourg. Considerable settlements, during the past

century, had grown up in the vicinity of the fort, and throughout the rich country watered by the streams that flow into the Bay of Fundy. The details of the surrender prove the neglect with which the French Government treated Port Royal in common with all other posts in America. Not only was the fort in a dilapidated state, but the garrison, some 250 men, were *delabrés*, all in rags and tatters, and emaciated from hunger.

From that day Port Royal remained in the possession of the English, and Acadia may be said to have passed away forever from the French, who had so long gallantly struggled to retain it. The name of Port Royal was changed to that of Annapolis, in honour of the Queen of England. For many years it was the Seat of the Government of Nova Scotia, until Halifax was founded towards the middle of the eighteenth century. Then the oldest town in America—excepting of course St. Augustine—was consigned to obscurity, and was only remembered by the historical antiquary. It is needless to say the people of Annapolis are proud of two facts—that they have an historical past, and that General Williams, of Kars, was born within their quiet precincts. Railways now run into the town, but still the verdure of antiquity clings to the place, and the old folks will rather take you to some relic of the past than talk of the locomotive which snorts and puffs as if in derision of old times. Relics of the French occupation have more than once been dug up by the plough during the past quarter of a century in the vicinity of the town. The "Old Mortality" of the settlement will tell you of a large stone, marked in deep rude Arabic figures, 1604, and also showing masonic emblems roughly chiselled. Like other interesting memorials picked up in Nova Scotia, this stone disappeared, and its whereabouts is not now known. None of the old French buildings remain standing in Annapolis, but we can still see the evidences of French occupation in the remains of the

fort, which was long occupied as a barrack for the British troops. The tourist who has antiquarian tastes and is a true lover of nature, will find himself well rewarded by a trip from Windsor through the fertile valleys of Kings and Annapolis. Here he will see gardens, and meadows, and orchards not surpassed by the Niagara district or the most fertile portion of Ontario. Here is the country first reclaimed from the sea by the old Acadian farmers, and yielding a most productive crop from year to year. In the Township of Clare, and other parts of the western counties, we meet with the descendants of the Acadians, a sleepy, thrifty, and religious people, clinging obstinately to old customs, but nevertheless rapidly merging with the more energetic Saxon element, which presses upon them from all directions, and forces them out of their isolation.

II. FORT LA TOUR.

None of the French forts of Acadia has a more interesting history than that erected on the banks of the St. John River, by one of the most courageous "gentlemen-adventurers" who ever sought to establish homes for themselves and family on this continent. As we review the incidents of the eventful career of Charles de St. Etienne, Seigneur de la Tour, we see him often a wanderer with the savages in the depths of the forest—anon determinately defending the French posts on the Atlantic coast and on the River St. John—anon arraying his retainers and battling for his rights like some bold chief of feudal times. When Biencourt, Baron de Poutrincourt's son, died in 1623, he bequeathed to La Tour his rights in Port Royal, and nominated him as his successor. La Tour, however, for some reason or other, removed to Cape Sable, where he built a fort which he named St. Louis. Subsequently he deserted the fort at that point, and moved to the entrance of the River St. John. The new fort was built under his

directions during the year 1627, on the extreme end of a long point of land on the western side of the harbour. It was an earthwork of some eighty paces in diameter, with four bastions, on each of which six large cannon were mounted. By this time the colonies of Virginia, New York and New England were making rapid headway compared with the French settlements in Acadia. The indomitable commercial enterprise of the early British colonists was already bearing rich fruits throughout New England particularly. The total population of Quebec did not exceed 500 souls, and it was still a very insignificant place. The towns, or villages rather, next in importance, were Three Rivers and Tadousac, both of them extensive trading-posts. In Nova Scotia, Port Royal and the St. John fort were the only posts occupied by the French, while Cape Breton was inhabited by a few fishermen.

The history of this fort, for many years, was the history of the feud between Charles de la Tour and Chevalier D'Aulnay Charnisay, both of whom claimed the same rights in Acadia, and fought out the dispute to the bitter end. Then La Tour's wife appeared on the scene, and proved herself, all through that critical period in the history of the country, a fit helpmate for her husband, for she displayed an amount of courage and resolution of character of which we have few instances on record. She undertook important missions to England and Massachusetts, and did her husband good service; but she will always be best remembered for her heroic defence of the fort on two occasions against D'Aulnay, who attacked it during his rival's absence. On the first occasion, Madame La Tour rallied the defenders and succeeded in beating off the assailants. At a later time, however, D'Aulnay was successful, and Madame La Tour was forced to agree to terms of capitulation. D'Aulnay then sullied his reputation by breaking his pledge in a most

disgraceful manner, for he ordered all the garrison to be hanged—with the exception of one man, who acted as executioner—in the presence of the unfortunate lady, who was forced to stand by with a halter around her neck. These occurrences naturally broke the poor lady's heart, for she died a few months later.

La Tour subsequently received a new commission from the King as Governor of Acadia, and—alas for human constancy—married the widow of his old rival, who was drowned in the Bay of Fundy sometime during 1650. Then, Acadia having fallen into the possession of the English, in 1654, La Tour succeeded in obtaining from Cromwell a grant of considerable land, and retired from the fort.

The history of Fort La Tour, under its English masters, affords us no such interesting episodes as characterised its career during its occupation by its founder and his heroic wife. When, in 1670, the posts in Acadia were restored to the French, Fort La Tour appears to have been in a ruinous state, and was deserted for some time. For many years, till the close of the 17th century, it was occupied by a small garrison, but in the summer of 1701 one of the French Governors ordered it to be razed to the ground. Henceforth its history as Fort La Tour may be said to end. In 1758 Col. Moncton was sent by the British Governor at Port Royal to take formal possession of the River St. John. The work was very soon accomplished, and the English flag now waved triumphantly over the whole river territory from the Canadian boundary to the sea. Then the old fort began to wear a new aspect, for the ruined ramparts were renewed, and cannon again mounted on its walls; but, while it obtained another lease of existence, it became, not Fort La Tour as of old, but Fort Frederick, in honour of a prince of the nation to whom it now belonged. Thenceforth its history is monotonous, and we need not trace its career up to

the time when it fell to pieces, or was swallowed up by the encroaching tides of the Bay of Fundy. It is still possible, however, to distinguish some of the old embankments of the fort, notwithstanding the fact that it is now to some extent covered by houses and gardens. One of the most enterprising cities of the Dominion has sprung up around it, according as it has decayed and disappeared. Great ships, freighted with the merchandise of every land, come to anchor within a few yards of the spot where the *fleur-de-lis* once floated in the breeze, and the wealth of a fine province comes down the River St. John and passes the graves of the old pioneers who once saw in Fort La Tour the germ of an empire under the rule of France. The older and more pretentious settlement of Port Royal is only a small town; Louisbourg is a mere sheep pasture; but around Fort La Tour has sprung up a wealthy city, to illustrate the wisdom of the old adventurers who chose it as the site of a settlement which was, under favourable auspices, to grow in the course of time into a large and flourishing community. A city has indeed grown up, but its people are not the descendants of the race who first noted the natural advantages of the harbour of St. John, and hoped to see it eventually the rival of Quebec.

III. FORTS LAWRENCE AND CUMBERLAND.

Now let my readers accompany me to that narrow neck of land which connects New Brunswick with Nova Scotia, and is known as the Isthmus of Chignecto. When Port Royal and La Tour were first erected, the settlements of France and England were very insignificant, but now we come to a time when Quebec and Montreal were towns of considerable importance, and the English colonies were rapidly increasing in population and wealth. In the middle of the last century the French had a fort at the mouth of the Missisquoi, one of the streams which

empty into Cumberland Basin. These were times when there were many apprehensions entertained by the British authorities in Port Royal and Halifax as to the good faith of the large settlements of Acadian French which had in the course of a hundred and fifty years established themselves in the most fertile section of the Province. Under these circumstances the erection of Fort Beau Séjour, in the vicinity of Beaubassin, one of the most important French Acadian settlements, near the site of Amherst, induced Major Lawrence to send a British force to the Isthmus of Chignecto and build another fort on the opposite side of the river, and which was named after the Governor himself. Then, in the course of a few months, ensued a series of hostilities between the French and English, but the final result was the destruction of the Village of Beaubassin and the capture of Beau Séjour, which was then named Fort Cumberland—a name which has since been given to a large and prosperous country. With the history of every French fort in Acadia the name of some famous Frenchman is intimately associated. The heroism and perseverance of De Pourtincourt and La Tour threw a halo of romance around the early annals of Acadia. The name of Le Lontre, for some years one of the French missionaries, can never be forgotten in any sketch of the history of Beaubassin and Beau Séjour. His enemies describe him—and no man in Acadia had more enemies among the British—as a compound of craft and cruelty, and it is quite certain that he hated the English and resorted to every means, whether fair or foul, to prevent their successful settlement of Acadia. That beneath his black robe beat the courageous heart of a soldier, the following incident of the siege of Beau Séjour shows full well:—When the commandant, Vergor, was almost driven to despair by the perils which threatened him, Le Lontre alone appears to have preserved that composure which, to do him justice, never deserted him

in the hour of danger; and day after day he walked on the ramparts, smoking his pipe, and urging the men to renewed exertions, though the bullets whistled all around him. It is truly said, had the spirit of the *habitans* been always equal to that of their priest, Beau Séjour would not have fallen as soon as it did.

The country around the old forts presents a charming combination of pastoral and water scenery. Here, too, is a large expanse of marsh land, where some of the fattest cattle of America find a bounteous pasture, and the farmers grow rich in the course of a few years. The landscape presents a vast sea of verdure, relieved by the Cobequid mountains in the distance, by glimpses of the sea, by clusters of white houses, and by placid rivers which wind through a country where nature has been most lavish of its gifts. No traces now remain of Fort Lawrence; a little cottage is said to stand on its exact site; but we can still see ruins of Fort Cumberland a short distance off, across the stream. It is in the shape of a pentagon, or fort of five bastions, which once mounted thirty or forty guns of large calibre. We can see the remains of the old barracks, and the cannon which did service for both the French and English in old times. The casemates are still in a good state of preservation, for they were made of solid brickwork. The magazine is outside of the walls, on the seaward side, and is a substantial building. Every spot of ground has its historic associations. As we passed, a summer ago, into one of the casemates, we recollected the story of the havoc made by a British shell which came directly through the opening and killed several French officers, as well as an Englishman, whilst they were seated at breakfast. Treachery, according to tradition, was at the bottom of this tragedy. The tradition is that a Frenchman, having some design of vengeance to carry out against his officers, had directed the British in the fort opposite how to aim

directly into the casemate, and gave the preconcerted signal with a handkerchief when all the officers were at breakfast. The shell was aimed, as I have shown, with unerring precision.

On a free-stone slab near the site of Fort Moncton—the name afterwards given to Fort Gaspereau, which had been erected by the French at Bay Verte so as to command the whole isthmus—can still be seen a rudely chiselled and not very grammatical inscription, which recalls the perilous times of Acadia.

“ Here lies the body of Sergeant Mackay, and eight men,
Killed and scalped by the Indians, in bringing fire-wood, Feby. 26th, 1755.”

This fortification contained an acre of ground and was well built. The ancient turnpike and causeway, across a tract of marsh, as well as the contour of the walls, can be ascertained without difficulty by the curious tourist. The flourishing town of Moncton, an important station of the Intercolonial Railway, is named after the captor of the Gaspereau fort.

IV. LOUISBOURG.

Now we must leave the peninsula of Acadia and turn our attention for a few moments to Ile Royale, or Cape Breton. The cape, from which the Island takes its name, is a low point of land jutting out into the Atlantic; and I have heard it said that, so firm are the materials of which it is composed, it seems scarcely worn by the waves of the ever restless Atlantic. Cape Breton, whilst held by France, was highly valued as an entrepôt for the shipping engaged in the French, Canadian and West India trade, as well as for the large fleets which have been fishing in North American waters ever since the Basque and Breton sailors discovered the value of the fisheries. So important did the French consider the position of the

island—a sentinel, as it were, at the approaches of the River St. Lawrence—that they erected a formidable fortress on one of the noblest harbours of its Atlantic coast, to which they gave the name of Louisbourg, in honour of Louis Quinze.

The harbour of Louisbourg, which is two miles in length and half a mile in breadth, with a depth of three to six fathoms, communicates with the open ocean by a channel, only half a mile in length and one-third of a mile in width, the average depth of water being seven fathoms. The great facility of access from the ocean was probably one of the principal reasons why the harbour was chosen in preference to others which are larger and otherwise preferable. Approaching the harbour from the eastward, more than a hundred years ago, the stranger would see the city surrounded by massive walls bristling with cannon. Standing out like sentries in advance of the fortress are three small rocky islands protecting the harbour from the swell of the Atlantic. Upon one of these, called Goat Island, there was a battery mounting thirty 28-pounder guns. On the north-west shore, directly facing the entrance of the harbour, stood the Grand or Royal Battery, armed with twenty-eight 42-pounders and two 18-pounder guns. This battery completely covered the entrance of the harbour, as its guns could rake the decks of any ship attempting to force the passage. The town itself was situated upon the tongue or promontory lying between the south shore of the harbour and the sea, and occupied, including the walls, an irregular quadrilateral area of 100 acres. The walls or defences were constructed according to the “first system” of the celebrated French engineer, Vauban. All the authorities agree that in the circuit of the walls there were embrasures for 148 guns, though they differ widely respecting the number of guns actually mounted. The most prominent building within the walls was a stone structure called the citadel, standing in the gorge of

the King's bastion, with a moat next the town. The entrance to the citadel was over a drawbridge, with a guard-house on one side and advanced sentinels on the other. Within the citadel were apartments for the Governor, barracks for the garrison, an arsenal, and a chapel which served as the parish church. There was also under the platform, or *terre pleine*, a magazine well furnished at all times with military stores. The other public buildings within the walls were a general storehouse, an ordnance storehouse, an arsenal and powder magazine. The nunnery and hospital of St. Jean de Dieu were situated in the centre of the city—the latter was connected with a church and was an elegant stone structure. The town was well laid out in wide regular streets crossing each other at right angles, six running east and west, and seven north and south. Some of the houses were wholly of brick or stone, but generally they were of wood upon stone foundations—the materials in many cases having been purchased from New Englanders, then, as now, always ready to trade with anybody who could pay well. Between the years 1720 and 1745, Louisbourg cost the French nation the enormous sum of nearly \$6,000,000, and still, as a French historian informs us, the fortifications were unfinished and likely to remain so, because the cost had far exceeded the estimates, and it was found that such a large garrison would be required for their defence that the Government had abandoned the idea of completing them according to the original design.

This formidable fortress, the American Dunkirk, sustained two sieges, both of which have been fully described in the histories of this continent. It was first taken by the New England colonists, led by Pepperrell, who received a baronetcy for his eminent services, and was otherwise distinguished by the British Government. Cape Breton, by the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, again became a French possession; but only thirteen

years after its capture by the colonists it fell once more into the hands of the large naval and land forces under Boscowen and Wolfe; subsequently the English Government, fearful that Louisbourg might again be seized by France, ordered that the fortifications should be razed to the earth, and all the cannon and valuable building material distributed in Halifax or elsewhere. Old houses can still be seen in Nova Scotia whose foundations are made of stone brought from the French fortress a century ago. Some huts now stand on the site of the old city, whilst a few trading schooners or fishing boats are the only tenants of the harbour where the Canadian and West Indian fleets anchored in old times.

It is very easy now-a-days, with the assistance of a map and a guide, always to be found on the spot, to trace the line of the old fortifications and the site of the principal buildings. The most prominent objects among the ruins are some bomb-proof casemates, which serve as a shelter for cattle in stormy weather. The roofs are covered with stalactites of the colour of oyster shells—at least that was the case when the writer last visited the place. The guide is sure to offer you a drink out of the well said to have belonged to the Governor's mansion.

The battery on the islet at the entrance of the harbour has long since yielded to the encroachments of the waves, and no signs now remain of the hulls of the French frigates that were sunk during the second siege, and the ribs of which were plainly visible on a calm day not very many years since.

The visitor can always purchase relics of the days of the French régime—old locks, keys, gun-barrels, shells, for instance—as they are being constantly dug up from the cellars or washed ashore by the waves. In the course of the past summer a Boston tourist discovered an interesting memorial, which is now in an American museum, like most of the relics which have been found in Acadia.

This relic consists of "a wrought-iron bar, an inch and a half in diameter, nearly four feet long, attached at one end to an iron joint, with strong attachments to fit solid stone masonry. Near the hook end of the bar is fastened a chain consisting of several strong links, which led to a lock which had also been attached to the masonry." The chain was still fast in the lock when it was discovered. Every part of the structure was made in the strongest manner, capable of great resistance, and weighed some hundred pounds. Although somewhat wasted with rust, its shape was as perfect as it was the day it was made. This lock evidently belonged to the Queen's Gate, near the eastern or sea-end of the walls of the fortification.

As the tourist stands upon the brow of the ruined ramparts and surveys the present aspect of Louisbourg, he cannot fail to be deeply impressed by the intense loneliness and desolation of the scene. The contour of the grass-covered walls is boldly outlined, and the huge casemates look like so many black ovens rising out of the green fields. To the south-west stretches the ocean; to the north rise the cliffs amid which the light-house flashes forth its beacon of warning from eve to day-break. The land towards the interior is low and covered with a small growth of firs, while the houses are small and scattered. Early in the morning and late in the afternoon the harbour presents an animated spectacle, as the fishing-boats, of which there is a large number, dart merrily through the water; but at noon of a summer's day, unless there are vessels in port, the scene is inexpressibly lonely. The

tinkle of a cow-bell, or the cry of the circling gull, alone startles the loneliness of the ruined fortress. Our thoughts naturally fly back to a century ago, when a stately pile of fortifications and buildings stood on that low, green point now only covered by a few grass-covered mounds to tell the story of the past. Port Royal, La Tour and Beau Séjour, were but comparatively insignificant forts while Louisbourg for years was one of the strongest fortified towns in America; but all are now alike in their desolation and ruin. Nothing but historic tradition remains of the old buildings in which the Frenchman of the last century talked with his comrade—

"Of sallies and retiring, of trenches, tents,
Of palisades, frontiers, parapets;
Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin,
Of prisoners, ransoms, of soldiers slain,
And all the currents of heady fight."

Yet the time may not be far distant when we shall see another city rise above the ruins of Louisbourg. The harbour is one of the most accessible on the Atlantic coast of the Dominion, for a vessel can reach its shelter in a very few moments, while it is always remarkably clear of ice during the winter. It has been already urged in Parliament and in the press that it should be made the Atlantic terminus of the Canadian system of railways; and the writer has no hesitation in placing himself among those who believe that, in the course of a very few years, Louisbourg will have entered on a new era of commercial progress, and will more than realize, under British-Canadian auspices, the idea of those who founded the old town more than a century ago.

SPRING-TIME.

"The winter is past, the rain is over and gone ; the flowers appear on the earth."

WHAT subtle presence the air is filling,
 Our pulses thrilling
 With a strange, mysterious sense of gladness,
 Half blent with sadness ;
 Trembling in opal and purple hues,
 That quiver and melt through the azure on high,
 And in the sunbeams that suffuse
 With the light of hope the fields that lie
 Quiet and grey 'neath the sunset sky.

"Thor's thunder-hammer" hath waked the earth
 To a glad new birth—
 The birth of the fresh, young, joyous Spring,
 New-blossoming,
 Bidding the south wind softly blow,
 Loosing the tongues of the murmuring streams,
 Sending the sap with a swifter flow
 Through the bare, brown trees ; and waking dreams
 Of summer shadows and golden gleams.

Down in the budding woods, I ween—
 Amid mosses green—
 The fair Hepatica wakes to meet
 The hastening feet
 Of the children that soon, with laughter sweet,
 Shall shout with glee to find it there,
 And bear it homeward—the herald meet
 Of the countless bells and blossoms fair
 That shall ring sweet chimes on the balmy air.

And tiny ferns their fronds unbind,
 By streams that wind—
 Singing a song in soft undertones,
 O'er the smooth, brown stones.

And pure white lilies,* and purple phlox,
And violets yellow and white and grey,
And columbines gleaming from lichen'd rocks,
And dogwood blossoms and snowy "May"
Shall wreath with beauty each woodland way.

Soon, in the shadow of dewy leaves,
About our eaves
The chorister-birds shall their matins sing,
Sweet carolling;
While through the bowery orchard trees,
All sprinkled with drifts of scented snow,
Comes the fragrant breath of the morning breeze,
And over the long, bush grass below,
Soft wavering shadows glide to and fro.

But when shall the better Spring arise
Beneath purer skies?
The Spring that can never pass away
Or know decay;
Sending new joy through the stricken heart,
Waking new life from the silent tomb,
Joining the souls that have moved apart,
Bidding earth's winter forever depart
With incompleteness and evil and gloom;
Till ransomed, at last, from its sin-wrought doom,
It shall blossom forth in immortal bloom.

FIDELIS.

* The name commonly given to the white *Trillium*, one of the earliest wild flowers.

FOR KING AND COUNTRY.

A STORY OF 1812.

BY FIDELIS.

CHAPTER X.

TO ARMS !

" The harvests of Arretium
 This year, old men shall reap ;
 This year, young boys in Umbro
 Shall plunge the struggling sheep ;
 And in the vats of Luna
 This year, the must shall foam
 Round the white feet of laughing girls
 Whose sires have marched to Rome ! "

IT is as unnecessary as it would be impossible to describe the varied emotions which Gen. Brock's communication excited in the minds of those who heard it. Such a crisis, involving an upheaval of the general order and stability of things, so many possibilities which the mind almost refuses to receive, always comes, however long it may have been expected, with a certain shock and suddenness, and a stunned difficulty of realization somewhat like that which attends death itself. The momentary silence that succeeded the announcement was soon broken by exclamations of various kinds, and expressions of condemnation of the American Government, more or less strong, according to the temper of the individuals from whom they emanated. American writers of the present day assert, supported by Jefferson's own letters, that he, at least so long as he remained in office, had done all in his power to restrain "the torrent of passion" that was directed toward war, and to bring in "another umpire than that of arms," *i. e.* the embargo; that he had been firm and sincere in warding it off as long as possible—only desiring that, if it must come, it should come at a time "when England has

a Bonaparte upon her hands." But the Canadians of that time did not see it exactly in this light. To them, and even to such keen and careful observers as Gen. Brock,* it had seemed that, so far back as 1808, the American Government had been scheming to provoke a war which, as regarded Canada, appeared to them the wanton and rapacious invasion of an unoffending country at a time when their natural protector was crippled in her power to aid them by hostilities at home. When, therefore, the declaration of war by Congress was really placed beyond a doubt, it seemed to them only the climax of a long continued policy, especially marked in President Madison—designed to aggravate hostile feelings and to excite the popular mind to the point of invasion. And it can scarcely

* The following passages, extracted from letters of Jefferson and General Brock, will show how differently the same things appear from different points of view :—

Jefferson (in 1812).

"If ever I was gratified with the possession of power, and of the confidence of those who had entrusted me with it, it was on that occasion when I was enabled to use both for the prevention of war, toward which the torrent of passion was directed almost irresistibly and when not another person in the United States less supported by authority and favour could have resisted it."

General Brock (in 1808).

"We have completely outwitted Jefferson, and all his schemes to provoke us to war. He had no other object in view in issuing his restrictive proclamation; but failing in that, he tried what the embargo would produce, and in this he has been foiled again. Certainly our Administration is deserving of every praise for their policy on these occasions. Jefferson and his party, however strong the inclination, dare not declare war, and therefore they endeavour to attain their object by every provocation," &c.

be wondered at that those who had to bear the brunt of the contest without having done anything to provoke it, who saw their peaceful homes exposed to be ravaged by a formidable enemy close at hand, without almost a reasonable hope of effectual defence, should at times have found it impossible to repress the tide of indignant feeling and bitter words.

The ladies took the first opportunity of retiring from the dining-room and leaving the gentlemen to what naturally resolved itself into an informal council of war. Possibilities and plans of operation were discussed with much eagerness; Colonel McLeod and Major Meredith rousing up at the definite prospect of real action, as an old war-horse does at the sound of the bugle-call. Meantime Mrs. McLeod sat in the drawing-room with Flora, her rich, stiff damask disposed in graceful folds, on which her eye complacently rested, while with a languid loquacity she lamented the situation to Dinah, who had come up eager to hear what the sudden news had been. Marjorie and Liliás wandered up and down in the bright moonlight without, talking occasionally in undertones, but for the most part thinking silently of possibilities that had long dimly floated before their minds, but now seemed to menace, so much more closely and definitely, the welfare of their nearest and dearest. Marjorie's thoughts were too much engrossed with "her hero," on whom lay the load of responsibility—the necessity for instant action—to think much of the more personal aspects of the impending conflict. But Liliás was thinking of her father, who she knew would rush foremost into the danger with all the English heartiness and fearlessness of his nature; and of Ernest, with enemies, as it seemed, on all sides of him, and before him the serious chances of war, in the faithful discharge of the duties to which he would assuredly be called, and from which she knew, and was glad to know, he would not shrink.

They went into the drawing-room at last, and to divert Mrs. McLeod from the gloomy forebodings in which it seemed to give her a sort of pleasure to indulge, Marjorie sat down to the small, old-fashioned piano, a rare luxury in Canada in those days, and sung one of her father's favourite Jacobite songs, vibrating with the thrill of national enthusiasm and devotion, yet with the sadness of a hopeless cause underlying its plaintive chords. The music seemed to act as an attracting force, for in a short time the gentlemen entered the room, and Col. McLeod, who was very proud of his daughter's voice and of the enthusiasm and feeling with which she sang, charged Marjorie to sing some of her best songs for the General, who had not long to stay, and wanted some music before he left. General Brock himself courteously and heartily endorsed the request, and took his station beside the piano, looking down with kindly admiration on the expressive face of the young singer, changing with the changing emotions of her music, until the music itself seemed to transport him into a different sphere, almost beyond the consciousness of what was passing around him. He asked for the "Flowers of the Forest," one of his favourites. Marjorie would rather not have sung that song to-night; it touched too painfully chords that were just then most tensely strung. But she would have made a much greater sacrifice of feeling to gratify any wish that General Brock might have expressed, so she sang it steadily through, though her voice would waver a little on the words—

"Dule and wae for the order sent our lads to the border,"

and it was with a more plaintive sadness than usual that she brought out the pathetic refrain—

"For the Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away."

Scarcely allowing herself a pause for thanks, however, she passed quicky to another song, not so old or so hackneyed then as it is now,

in which her voice rang out with the martial ardour worthy of a daughter of the McLeods, in the immortal strain,—

“Scots wha hae wi’ Wallace bled,
Scots wham Bruce has aften led,
Welcome to your gory bed—
Or to Victory !”

Every one in the room felt the electric influence of the words and the music, thrilling at any time, but doubly so in the peculiar circumstances of the moment ; and when the last resolute notes of the closing line—

“Let us do or die !”

sank into silence a perfect storm of applause rewarded the fair singer, of which General Brock’s bright beaming smile of approval was of course the most appreciated token.

“And now,” said he gently, “As I shall have to go almost immediately, may I beg for my favourite song as the last, “The Land o’ the Leal?”

It is a remarkable instance of the varying adaptability of the same musical notes that the air of “Scots wha hae,” so expressive of ardent, resolute courage and devotion when sung more slowly and differently accentuated, expresses so beautifully the longings of a soul—done with this world and at rest concerning its future—for the more lasting joys and unbroken peace of the “Land o’ the Leal.” The exquisite song, sung by Marjorie in subdued tones but with distinct utterance and true feeling, seemed after the other like the peace of heaven poured upon the troubled waters of earth. Gen. Brock seemed to feel it so, as he stood by with folded arms, his calm eye fixed in its gaze as if piercing through the shifting clouds of “things seen and temporal” to the far blue, unchanging, eternal heaven beyond.

When the song was finished he expressed his thanks and, accompanied by the members of his staff who were present, took his leave. Captain Percival and the others, who were bound for Fort George, quickly followed in his suite ; Major Meredith,

Colonel McLeod and Colonel Talbot promising to ride over to Newark early next day. Marjorie waited only till they were gone, and then made a hasty escape to her own room, where Lilius found her weeping bitterly. The strain of excited feeling of the last hour or two, and of singing those songs in her painfully wrought-up mood, as well as the burden of a strange presentiment that was weighing on her spirit, found their natural reaction now. Lilius was sorely inclined to join her ; but restrained herself, and soothed her friend’s agitation with words of comfort that she was far from feeling herself ; and in a short time Marjorie, by one of her rapid changes of feeling, had become by far the more cheerful of the two. It was long that night before either of the girls slept, and when they did at last fall into a broken slumber, it was to meet troubled dreams, bearing some grotesque resemblance to the ideas that had been haunting their waking thoughts.

Dunlathmon was not the only place to which that sudden news brought trouble and consternation. As the tidings of the declaration of war spread rapidly through the Province, it fell on the hearts of the colonists like a thunderbolt, startling them out of the even tenor of their way, and turning all their ideas, feelings and energies into a new and absorbing channel.

When, on the 12th of July, 1812, General Hull invaded Canadian territory, he issued a bombastic proclamation, in which, after alluding to the “tyranny and injustice of Great Britain,” and expatiating upon the invaluable blessings of civil, political and religious liberty which he offered to the Canadians, he promised them—should they make no resistance—to “emancipate them from tyranny and oppression, and restore them to the dignified station of freemen.” He declared, however, that if resistance were offered, and if Indians were allowed to participate in that resistance, no quarter would be given, but the war would become a war

of extermination. He then placed an alternative before them, in the following terms:—"The United States offer you peace, liberty and security. Your choice lies between these and war, slavery and destruction." And they who then rejected the first of these alternatives knew well that a most serious crisis was impending; that they were entering on a contest which might be long, bloody and destructive, and whose success was, at best, extremely doubtful.

It was a tremendous bribe that they were offered—peace, comfort, security, undisturbed possession of all that made up their outward life, the price being only the sacrifice of their conscientious convictions of honour, loyalty and duty. The issue was not as we see it, clear and decided, but doubtful and dark. The present was full of depression and anxiety—the future uncertain, trembling in the balance, and full of terrible possibilities. They had a powerful enemy at their doors, while the friend to whom they looked for succour was herself embarrassed by other contests, and separated from them by thousands of miles of stormy ocean, in days when steam ocean-navigation was as yet a Utopian dream. Among them was a comparative handful of soldiers to lead their defence, while a formidable army was ready to close around them, without, as it seemed, any reasonable hope of adequate resistance. On the one hand was the promise of tranquil, undisturbed possession of their hardly won homes and their laboriously tilled fields, if they should remain passive: on the other, the too certain prospect of ruinous warfare, devastation, carnage, deadly peril—of all that makes an invasion terrible, should they firmly take their stand for what they believed the right! They might have been excused for wavering; but they did not waver. "*Fiat justitia ruat cælum,*" was their motto. May the Canada of the future prove a worthy descendant of this young Canada of the past!

From the first, with a very few insignifi-

cant exceptions, there was no uncertain sound in the loyalty of the people. In city, village, and sparsely populated township, the staunch Canadians rose as one man, determined, at all hazards, to stand by the old flag, and go forth, under that venerated ensign, to fight to the death for king, country and home. From all quarters the militia offered their immediate services, and bands of willing volunteers poured into York, Newark, Kingston, all the known places of rendezvous, eager to bear arms, and disappointed when, simply because there were no weapons with which to furnish them, many had to return to a forced inaction. General Brock had speedily issued all the arms at his disposal, which, indeed, were "barely sufficient to arm the militia required to guard the frontier." Some, indeed, remedied this lack by their own ingenuity, and if ploughshares were not literally turned into swords, and pruning-hooks into spears, something very like it took place in the conversion of the peaceful implements of husbandry into weapons of destruction. But arms were not the only thing sorely needed. Many of the poor brave colonists who left their fields and mustered to the defence, were sadly destitute of clothing, and many were absolutely without shoes, which were at that time very scarce and difficult to procure. In such circumstances, the privations they endured in necessary drilling—the exposure and fatigue of military duty—added an additional element of heroism to the cheerfully rendered service of the Canadian volunteers.

Major Meredith and Lilius had returned to Oakridge immediately after the sudden, though not unlooked-for tidings had been received at Dunlathmon; the former to collect and organise his band of volunteers, that he might take them to Newark to be ready for whatever emergency might present itself. Lilius would not remain behind him, though strongly urged to do so. She clung more than ever to her father, now that he was really going into danger, and could not bear

the thought of being separated from him unnecessarily, even for an hour. In her secret heart she regretted that she should not have another opportunity of seeing Ernest, that she might find out whether he knew of the existence of the rumours of which Captain Percival had spoken, and might ascertain how they had arisen, and what means could be taken for her friend's vindication from a slander that caused her no little pain. But this could not be helped ; so, the next morning but one after the excursion to the Falls, having exchanged an affectionate farewell with Marjorie, who was absorbed, heart and soul, in the military preparations going on around her, and having received from her a promise that she would soon come to stay with her at The Elms during Major Meredith's absence, Lilius and her father set out on their long ride homeward. They reached Oakridge about dusk, startling old Nannie by their unexpected arrival, and filling her with consternation at the news they had to tell, which had not yet reached secluded Oakridge.

There, as elsewhere, the tide of excited feeling ran in two different channels ; that of the eager, ardent enthusiasm of the men, burning to press forward and repel the unscrupulous invader ; and the sorrow, anxiety and foreboding care of the women, to whom the tidings came almost as a death-knell ; who saw the peaceful tranquillity of their happy homes broken up—it might be for ever ; and those dearest to them preparing to go forth to imminent peril, to probable wounds, and to possibilities beyond these which their minds could not ignore, though their hearts shrank from contemplating them. Yet few were the women who would have sought immunity from this load of anxiety by counselling husband or son or brother to purchase peace by disloyal compromise ; no, not even such gentle Quakeresses as Patience Thurstane. Their sacrifice for King and Country was a heavy one, but

they made it willingly ;—ready, moreover, to make up, so far as they could by the hard labour of their own hands, for the unavoidable absence of the strong arms which should have gathered in the crops in the busy days of harvest. But many a bronzed yeoman, as he shouldered his hunting rifle, or, perhaps, a rusty old firelock that had descended to him as an heirloom from some long dead ancestor ; and as, after the clinging farewells of wife and children, he turned his back on his rude but comfortable homestead ; on the familiar fields he had cleared and tilled, and the animals he had cared for, with their patient, well-known faces looking wistfully at him as he passed, felt a strange choking in his throat, and the unaccustomed tear dimming the eyes that again and again turned to take a farewell look at the home which, he knew, he might never see again.

General Brock, in the meantime, was hard at work, physically and mentally, labouring to provide for the protection of the long exposed frontier under his command—a task by no means easy with a water-frontier of 1,300 miles in the Upper Province alone, and little more than the same number of regular soldiers, exclusive of garrisons. It was clear enough that, without the substantial and ready aid of Canadian volunteers, the British force could not long have maintained the unequal contest ; and without the rallying point of its brave, resolute, hopeful, foreseeing and prompt General and President, the country itself might soon have sunk into a demoralising despondency. But General Brock foresaw and provided for every exigency, gave confidence to the anxious and sometimes drooping spirits of the people, and encouraged and cheered them on to their staunch and effectual defence.

On the 12th of July, as has been said, General Hull's expedition, which had been for some time gathering in Michigan, crossed the frontier at Detroit, believing that they were advancing to the easy conquest of the

coveted prize. His proclamation has already been described, threatening the people with all the horrors and calamities of war, should they refuse the "peace, liberty and security" which he offered them. To this General Brock replied in the dignified and manly tone becoming a British commander, that: "The Crown of England would defend and avenge all its subjects, whether red or white; that Canada knew her duty to herself and to her Sovereign, and was neither to be bullied nor cajoled into a departure from it."

On the 27th of July, General Brock convened, at York, an extra Session of the Legislature of Upper Canada. At first considerable despondency was perceptible in the counsels and speeches of those who had met for deliberation at so momentous a crisis; but the energy and ascendancy of Brock's animating genius, conjoined with the spontaneous outburst of loyalty and patriotism among the people, rallied the spirits and the courage even of those who took the gloomiest view of the situation. His address to the people sounded no uncertain note. "We are engaged," he said, "in an awful and eventful contest. By unanimity in our councils, and by vigour in our operations, we may teach the country this lesson, that a country defended by freemen, enthusiastically devoted to the cause of their King and Constitution, can never be conquered." And the strain was repeated and prolonged by the address sent forth to the people by the Legislative Assembly. They expressed their joy at observing that "the spirit of loyalty has burst forth in all its ancient splendour,"—and their natural indignation against the invaders of a peaceful country; and they concluded with the noble words, expressive of the calm and deliberate resolve of those who, standing entirely on the defensive, are yet determined to resist to the death an unmitigated wrong, and to defend their country and their liberty: "Persevere as you have begun, in your strict obedience to the laws and your attention

to military discipline; deem no sacrifice too costly which secures the enjoyment of our happy constitution; follow, with your countrymen in Britain, the paths of virtue, and, like them, you shall triumph over all your unprincipled foes."

Meantime, the militia mustered on the frontier were drilling and practising with what patience they might, as they thought of their neglected fields. General Brock was moving energetically backward and forward between the frontier force at Fort George and the Legislature at York, presiding at deliberations, writing despatches to Quebec, sending detachments to outposts, negotiating with the Indians—among whom he feared fickleness and disloyalty from the influence of American emissaries—soothing the impatience of the rural militiamen, and drilling and organising with unflagging zeal. He refrained from making any active demonstration on the river, because, as he wrote, "Fort Niagara can be demolished, when found necessary, in half an hour;" but "to enable the militia to acquire some degree of discipline, without interruption, is of far greater consequence than such a conquest."

In heartfelt recognition of dependence on the Disposer of all events—in an age when such public recognition was rarer than it happily is now—General Brock early appointed a day for fasting and prayer for the success of the country's defence from the horrors of successful invasion, in which the people, of all creeds and classes, heartily joined. And, having thus taken not the least effectual means of success, of giving calmness and confidence to the excited people, and inspiring them with the spirit of trustful courage which is the best preparation for any time of trial, he took care also not to neglect any of the more outward and tangible means of defence which the circumstances would admit, and which his active mind and judicious foresight could devise.

Long before the end of July hostilities had actually commenced in the far west. At Tarontee and Macinaw, British pluck and steadfastness were resisting the progress of the invader among the western marshes and on the shores of Lake Huron. A detachment of Captain Percival's regiment, the 41st,* had been sent to Amherstburg or Fort Malden, by General Brock's foresight, so early as May, but the General was reduced "almost to despair" when, on the 20th of July, he received information that Hull had been, since the 12th, in possession of the Village of Sandwich. Colonel Proctor, of the 41st, was accordingly instantly despatched thither to ascertain accurately the state of affairs, and fresh detachments of troops and militia were sent to the same quarter. Percival would gladly have gone with that portion of his regiment which was already on the scene of action. But, both on account of his comparative inexperience of the country, and of the good service which his thorough theoretical mastery of his profession, and his experience at the home dépôt, enabled him to render in organising and disciplining the militia force, General Brock preferred his remaining for the present at Fort George.

Not a few of the settlers along the shore of the Niagara, in alarm at the threatening demonstrations of the Americans opposite, removed their families and most of their household goods to some safer retreat in the interior. Colonel McLeod did not think it necessary, in the present state of affairs, to send away his family—a step indeed which Marjorie, for one, would have vehemently opposed. But he yielded to his wife's anxiety so far as to allow all the plate and valuables of the family to be packed up and sent to Fort George for safety, to be transmitted thence to Quebec should need arise. All his horses, except one for farm-work—even Marjorie's pet Oscar—had been placed at

the disposal of the General and promoted to military service; for Colonel McLeod was not the man to keep back anything—even his own sons—from his country's need. And Marjorie almost rejoiced in the pang it had cost her to part even temporarily with Oscar, because it gave her the right to feel that she, too, had already sacrificed something for King and Country.

In the meanwhile Lilius was undergoing one of those seasons of silent, repressed anxiety which soon blanch a girl's cheek and leave signs of their presence in the dark circles under the eyes that often indicate inward pain. Her father found it necessary to be almost constantly at Newark with his volunteers, only getting home occasionally for a flying visit of a few hours. Exciting rumours were always afloat through the country announcing some new and threatening move of the enemy, and, though generally unfounded, they had none the less, for the time, a painfully disturbing effect; the more so that, from the demonstrations of the American troops, it was generally believed that an attack on the Niagara frontier might be at any moment expected. If so, Lilius knew well that both her father and Ernest would probably be engaged in the conflict that must follow; and she was haunted by the thought that at any time she might hear that one or both had been wounded—or worse!

Old Nannie was so excited about the state of affairs, and so prone to gloomy anticipations, that Lilius tried, as far as was possible, to keep her from hearing each new rumour as it arose, and thus could not even give herself the relief of discussing its improbabilities, but was obliged to reason it out as well as she could in her own mind. Now and then, when the weight seemed too oppressive to bear any longer unshared, she would mount her grey pony and ride over to the Lake Farm, or would summon Bruno to attend her in a walk to Aunt Judy's cottage; and always returned cheered and

* Not the 49th, as appeared by mistake in the first number.

strengthened by Patience Thurstane's sweet trustful resignation, or by the bright hopeful faith of the old negress. Mrs. Thurstane's boys were all gone to Newark except the youngest, and Jacob held himself in readiness to go to the front at once if he were needed. But still she quietly went about all her household avocations;—still were her kitchen and dairy immaculately clean as of old;—still did she spin and knit on as steadily as ever, though the spectacles that aided the failing sight had to be wiped a good deal oftener than was their wont. "For," as she said to 'Miss Liliás,' "there's no good in taking on to fight against a trial! That only makes it the harder to bear. Man can't go any farther than the Lord lets him; and it ought to keep us from frettin' overmuch to think that we ourselves, as well as the folks we love and would give our lives for, are all in the hands of One that loves them and us best of all!"

And Aunt Judy would comfort her "chile," as she called her, by telling her all the stories she could remember—and they were not a few—of providential deliverances, merciful interpositions in hours when, humanly speaking, danger seemed imminent. "An' anyways, chile," she would conclude, "I have been young and now am old, and I'se sartin' now, what I didn't jes' use to b'lieve when I was young and silly, dat de Lord can do a great sight better for us dan we could do for ourselves, an' dat de best ting *we* can do is jes' to keep still an' see what He's goin' to do. An' sure I am dat if we do, He won't neber disappoint us, but somehow or oder we shall see de goodness of de Lord in de land of de livin'. For He's all love, honey, *dat* I'se sure of; an' He jes' wants to do de berry best for us dat can possibly be done!"

It was a great comfort to Liliás when Marjorie, at considerable sacrifice to her own feelings in leaving just then the vicinity of Fort George, redeemed her promise of coming to stay a few days with her. Not

usually a great talker, she grew positively loquacious on the first evening of Marjorie's visit, in the reaction of having some one to whom she could speak freely of everything that lay on her mind; on every subject, that is, except one. She had never confided, even to Marjorie, Captain Percival's remark about Ernest, which, at the time it was made, Marjorie did not happen to hear. But the two girls had plenty of wholesome occupation to keep them from morbid and profitless brooding. The absence of Major Meredith and all his able-bodied men, leaving only the boy Sambo—to his grandmother's great content—to attend to the farm-work, made, of necessity, an unusual amount of labour fall upon the female members of the household. Much of Sambo's usual work had to be done by the one handmaid under old Nannie, whose work therefore fell chiefly on Liliás. Moreover there was the hay-harvest to be got in—delayed already beyond the usual time—and Liliás was determined that, so far as she could help it, her father's farming affairs should not suffer through his necessary absence. So as Sambo by degrees managed to get the hay cut, aided by Jacob Thurstane, who kindly insisted on sparing a day for this purpose from his own great press of work, Marjorie and Liliás spent the early mornings, before the sun's heat grew too fierce, in turning over the hay and spreading it out, so that all of it might be fully exposed to the heat of the sun. Then, after it was sufficiently dry, they piled it up with Sambo's help into hay-cocks, in the construction and symmetry of which they took great pride. They found the work rather more tiring than they had anticipated from their former recollections of playing at hay-making; but it was wholesome and invigorating, driving away painful thoughts, at least for the time. When they were hard at work tossing or spreading out the hay, the freshness of the summer morning around them and the pure morning sky above them, it was impossible for the natural buoyancy of

youth not to assert itself even in Liliás' burdened heart; and many a hearty laugh—generally over some amusing sally of Marjorie's—did they have while at their unwonted labours. If they did come in, generally tired out, when the forenoon grew hot, a siesta rested and refreshed them; and if, to Nannie's grief, Liliás' delicate complexion grew more sunburnt than it had ever been in her life before, it is certain that the balance of good effects on the whole preponderated over such trifling and temporary inconveniences. So Major Meredith, on his next hurried visit home, found his hay-crop all ready to be carted into the barn under his own superintendence. The occasion was made as much a festal one as circumstances would permit—Sambo being *fêted* to his own delight, for the first time in his life; and the girls felt themselves abundantly rewarded for their labour in the surprise and pleasure of the worthy Major, who had been inwardly fretting over his hay, and who could hardly find words to express his thanks and his praise of the skill and energy of his amateur haymakers.

But all this time Liliás could hear nothing definite of Ernest, except merely such general intelligence as she could glean from her father's occasional mention of having seen him, or the rare messages that came from the Thurstane boys to the Lake Farm.

CHAPTER XI.

AT NEWARK.

“Down with him!” cried false Sextus,
With a smile on his pale face—
“Now yield thee,” cried Lars Porsena—
“Now yield thee to our grace.”

IT was about this time that Ernest Heathcote, having given his boys their sum-

mer vacation, and so, feeling a little more at leisure than he had done of late, indulged himself one afternoon in a quiet, meditative stroll along the wooded shore of the Niagara, towards Queenston. Such a walk was a rare luxury to him now, since all his spare time, after school hours, had been fully occupied with the drilling, practising, &c., necessary to enable him to keep up with his company. He had been indefatigable in labouring to qualify himself for being an efficient defender of his country, now that a crisis was approaching, and his exertions had done him good in more ways than one. They served all the purpose of gymnastics in strengthening and developing his physical powers by the active exercise which his ardour for study had led him too much to neglect; while, at the same time, the outward activity, the stir and bustle of the time, drew him out of the rather morbid speculations—the fruitless theorising and brooding over evils which he had no power to remedy, in which he had been too prone to indulge. Despite his strong and true sense of the evils of war, when the declaration of hostility had become a reality, and Newark was full of rumours of invasion, of the stir and pomp of busy military preparation—of the bustle of constantly arriving volunteers—he found all his strong sentiments give way before the irresistible excitement of the moment, which developed the latent military enthusiasm inherited from his soldier-father. He was surprised himself to feel how his heart thrilled with martial ardour and overpowering emotion when he heard the bugle call to parade, or saw the motley ranks of volunteers march in, each man, poorly dressed as he might be, bearing himself with a certain grave steadfastness which seemed to signify his feeling that Canada expected every man to do his duty, and that *he* was ready to do it.

Ernest's patriotic zeal was, moreover, quickened by his honest ambition that whatever he did do should be done well, and so great

already was his proficiency in military exercises that he had been honoured by the expressed approbation of the officer in command, and had good hopes of soon obtaining a commission. This he desired chiefly because he knew how it would raise him in the estimation of Major Meredith, if not of Liliás. It need hardly be said that he was thinking of her as, having passed the earthen ramparts and cedar palisades of Fort George, half a mile above the village of Newark, he sauntered slowly along the river bank, enjoying the cool freshness of the woods, the soft song of the rushing river, and the unwonted rest of a leisurely stroll. He had been wondering often, during these days of excitement, how Liliás was bearing up under the manifold anxieties of the times. He knew that the excitement and suspense must be very trying to her sensitive nature, apart from any anxiety about him, which he did not take into account.

But he had other subjects of thought, considerably less pleasant. He was quite aware of the existence of floating rumours about himself, throwing doubts upon his loyalty and truth, if not positively accusing him of the reverse. He could trace these, partially at least, to Bill Davis, who he knew had an old grudge against him. Then, both Davis and Lieutenant Payne had at once conjectured Ernest's interference when the latter found that Rachel, influenced to some extent by the remonstrance of Liliás, had become much more cautious and prudent. This was quite sufficient to impel them to do him what harm they could, by throwing out insinuations and starting reports to which Ernest's American parentage gave a certain colouring of *vraisemblance*. Moreover, his invariable moderation in speaking of a country which had strong claims on his regard—his refusal to join in wholesale denunciations of a people who had, he felt, something to complain of on their side—also tended to make his disaffection suspected by those who, in the excited feel-

ing of the time, could look at the matter only from their own point of view, and who could find no epithets strong enough to express the indignation, and too often the hatred, which the unhappy war had evoked. And being too proud to forestall accusation by explanations, and clear himself from a slander which he felt was so absurd and so unworthy, he could do nothing but silently abide the issue, feeling, meantime, that a tide of hostile feeling was rising against him, and that he was coldly and suspiciously regarded by some who had once been friends. The possibility of Liliás being pained by hearing these rumours had not even occurred to him. Should Major Meredith hear them, he felt sure that he, who knew him so well, would not listen to them for a moment, but would treat them with the same utter incredulity as did his cousins, who laughed heartily at the very idea of such a suspicion. Yet still they were in themselves sufficiently annoying to one who was especially sensitive to any imputation of what he considered unworthy and ignoble.

He had nearly reached the limit he had set himself for his walk, when he heard hasty shuffling steps behind him, and presently found himself overtaken by a shabby, Yankee-looking man, of unprepossessing exterior, and with a sly, cunning expression, which made Ernest shrink from him with instinctive repugnance. It was the wandering American who had been Captain Percival's fellow-traveller in the stage. The man was, in fact, one of the numerous emissaries who, just before the war, had been sent into Canada to collect information, to sow disaffection among the Indians, and to seduce, or try to seduce from their allegiance, any dissatisfied Canadians whom they might encounter.

The stranger, with whom Ernest was in no wise inclined to fraternise even on a solitary walk, pertinaciously insisted on opening a conversation, and after some opening remarks, expressed in an unmistakeably Yan-

kee intonation, he led the way to his object by claiming Ernest as a fellow-countryman. This honour the latter very coldly declined, by replying that Canada was, to all intents and purposes, his country. The American, however, nothing daunted, went on slowly, and not very adroitly, feeling his way towards his purpose, which was, as Ernest soon indignantly discovered, to try to induce him to desert to the American army by the bait of a commission and a considerable sum of money. The moment that the man's object became clear to him, Ernest emphatically declared that he could not even listen to so disgraceful a proposition. But the other stuck to him with irrepressible pertinacity, referring to the rumours afloat of his doubtful loyalty, to their necessarily injurious effect on his career in Canada, and even threatening, in case of his refusal, to drop a few hints which would very seriously aggravate the present suspicions about him. Ernest knew that this was within his power; but, not caring to prolong a parley which he felt it humiliating to him that the man should have dared to open, he sternly told him to "do his worst," and with a cold "good afternoon," abruptly turned homeward. The stranger, seeing that any farther attempts were clearly useless, went on his way, after casting an evil glance after Ernest, with a muttered threat that it would be "the worse for him."

Ernest's unpleasant *rencontres* were not yet, however, over for the day. As, in his indignant excitement, he walked rapidly homeward, he overtook two figures walking slowly before him, in whom, just as he reached them, he recognised Bill Davis and Lieut. Payne. He would have passed with the slightest gesture of recognition, but some words which reached his ear just as he came up with them, and which seemed to him to relate to his uncle and cousin, made him pause for a moment, involuntarily, and look at the speakers as he was about to pass. The action, slight as it was, was enough for Davis,

who rudely and offensively exclaimed, "Come now, Ernest Heathcote, we don't want none of your intermeddling! Do you hear? You let our affairs alone or it'll be the worse for you. You've put your finger in the pie quite enough already!"

"Anything that concerns any member of my uncle's family concerns me;" replied Ernest, with as much coolness as he could command though inwardly burning with indignation.

"Oh, does it? We'll see about that," returned the other fiercely and with a threatening gesture. "You'd better give your word to let things alone or it will be the worse for you!" He looked significantly downward as he spoke. They were at a point where the river-bank sank abruptly down from the road—a steep precipice with jagged rocks jutting out from the scattered foliage. It would be an ugly place for a scuffle, especially with two against one. Both young men were flushed with drinking, which accounted for Davis' reckless bravado, and it was quite possible that Payne, who stood by with a malicious smile on his insipid, beardless face, might join Davis in a personal attack. A scuffle and a push, and nothing more might be known—only a mangled body found long after on the rocks below. The possibility flashed across Ernest during the few moments that he stood there facing the scowling Davis with quiet resolution. It gave him no sensation of fear; his only consciousness was one of indignation and determined resolve to thwart, if in his power, their possibly nefarious designs.

Presently Davis' menacing look subsided a little under the firm gaze of Ernest. Bad as he was, he was hardly villain enough to proceed to such extremities without at least a stronger temptation to do so. Presently he said, with a slight change of tone:—

"Come now, Heathcote, I know what game you're flyin', and you'd better let our

sport alone or we'll put a spoke in *your* wheel."

"I don't understand you," replied Ernest very coldly, anxious to put an end to the conference as soon as possible.

"Oh, you don't! Miss Lilius Meredith, then! I suppose you wouldn't mind if she and her father both thought you a sneaking spy, as every one will soon know you for, if we tell all we've seen to-day?" and he indicated with his hand the direction in which the American had disappeared.

Ernest had flushed crimson and then grown pale at the insulting words, combined with the allusion to Lilius. But he forced himself to reply quietly: "You know as well as I do that there are no grounds for such an accusation. As for what you've seen you are at liberty to tell it. A man is not responsible for being accosted by a scoundrel."

"Oh, you take that tack, do you? Well, will you say 'Confound the rascally Yankees?'"—returned Davis, with an aggravating leer. Payne, still looking on with a contemptuous smile that showed all his white teeth, added in a patronizing drawl:

"Do, my good fellow, and we shall be sure you're all right."

"I'm not in the habit of abusing absent people unnecessarily," Ernest answered haughtily; "when the time comes for action my loyalty will be sufficiently proved."

"You won't, then?" retorted Davis, in a bullying tone.

"I will not," said Ernest unflinchingly, aware that his refusal would be perverted to his injury, yet disdaining to qualify it by any explanation.

"Well, then, look here," said Davis, in the same tone; "just so sure as you poke yourself into any affairs of ours again, just so sure you'll find we're one too many for you! You won't enjoy being drummed out of your company as a traitor and a spy!"

"If that is all you have to say to me, I will bid you good afternoon," replied Ernest,

who felt that his self-command was fast leaving him, and did not wish to degrade himself by bandying abuse with a fellow like Davis; and, passing on, he quickened his pace as if he could thereby walk down the indignant agitation which, in spite of himself, the unprovoked abuse he had met with had excited. "It isn't worth one's while to be angry with a fellow like that," he said to himself philosophically, but his philosophy was hardly sufficient to calm the inward and painful commotion. The allusion to Lilius, touching so rudely on a subject on which he hardly dared to let his own thoughts dwell openly, had touched him to the quick, and he was aware that in such a season of excitement even the idle slanders of scoundrels like Davis and Payne would be quite sufficient to do him real harm. But he trusted, as most honest and inexperienced hearts do generally trust, in the certain prevalence of the right cause, and he would not permit himself to indulge any fear as to consequences. All the same, and come what might, he would at all hazards do everything in his power to protect his fair young cousin from the machinations of these villains. As he walked along, the thought flashed across him that his two *rencontres* might not have been so unconnected with each other as they first seemed. The American had overtaken him from the same direction in which the other two had been walking. Might not the blundering attempt of the former have been made at the instigation of Davis, in order to give a colour to his accusation of treachery? If so, he would be sure to use the encounter to the best advantage. Well, it was of no use to speculate! He could only go quietly on with his duties, and await the result that time might develop.

It was not long before he found out that the threats against himself were by no means meaningless bluster. One of the trustees of the school he taught had a son who frequented the society of Payne, Davis, and their set. Him these worthies took care to

ply with reports, insinuations, and direct accusations of Ernest Heathcote, and their work bore fruit in a note which Ernest, in the course of a few days, received from his principal trustee, notifying him that his services would not be required in the school after the holidays. It was an abruptness of dismissal hardly in accordance with the tenor of his engagement, to say nothing of the discourtesy and ungraciousness of so treating a teacher who had faithfully discharged his duties for somewhat more than two years; but Ernest could not bring himself to expostulate, and, as no reason was assigned, preferred silently to accept the situation, with all its injustice. The prospect of relief from the drudgery of his school duties would have been in itself a relief had it been otherwise brought about, although at present he did not exactly see what employment would succeed the one which had so abruptly ceased. But other consequences of the enmity he had unintentionally provoked were soon to make themselves more painfully felt.

CHAPTER XII.

AT OAKRIDGE.

"Who steals my purse steals trash—
But he who filches from me my good name
Takes from me that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed."

IT was a warm July evening at Oakridge. Marjorie had gone home, and Liliás, now that she was left alone, was feeling a depression and a lassitude that was the natural reaction after the unusual fatigue and excitement of the last few weeks. That afternoon the air felt sultry, betokening, perhaps, an approaching thunderstorm; and Liliás felt as if she could not bear up against the combination of oppression in the atmosphere without and depression within. The hot still air seemed to stifle her as with a sense of coming ill. She could not compel

herself to continue at any occupation, so in despair she threw herself on the grass at the foot of a tree and began the "Ancient Mariner" again, for the third or fourth time. But even that failed to hold her attention, and she found her eyes wandering to the motionless leaves above her head, and her thoughts taking the road they had of late taken so many times a day—the road to Newark. Her father had dropped a hint during his last visit home, which made her fear that he had not only heard something of the rumours to which Captain Percival had alluded, but was also somewhat inclined to believe them. Yet it was not like her father, she thought, to believe evil of a friend without serious cause. Certainly she had very slight foundation for thinking that he did, but love is often preternaturally acute, and goes straight to the mark in spite of itself, when ordinary reasoning lags far behind. And the combination of anxieties, added to her depressed health and spirits, made Liliás long to see or hear from Ernest, with an intensity of longing that she had never been conscious of feeling before, and for which, powerless as she was to help it, she was almost angry with herself.

She was roused out of a reverie of this kind by the rapid clatter of a horse's hoofs along the road. Looking through the vista formed by the overhanging branches, she could just see her father dismount at the farm gate, mount again and ride up the road that led to the back door. She rushed quickly to the house to meet and welcome him, and order a substantial meal to refresh him after his long ride. Major Meredith seemed, indeed, unusually weary. He was hot and flustered, too, and his sunburnt face had the added redness which was rather a sign of inward worry than of mere outward exertion. It did not pass away when he had rested for a while, and he seemed in a troubled, silent mood, very unlike the good-humoured and talkative one in which he usually came home. He ate little and talked less, not asking even

his usual routine of questions about the farm, the neighbours, and home affairs generally. Liliás grew more and more uneasy as she wondered what could be the matter. Sometimes her father would make a beginning as if about to say something important, and as often stopped short, hesitating and flurried. At last, with a great effort, and without preamble, it came out.

"Liliás," he said, with an attempt at a determined tone, but with a really unsteady voice, "I wish you for the future to have nothing whatever to say to Ernest Heathcote."

Liliás remained perfectly still, but her face, which had grown deadly pale, and her dilated eyes, which inward emotion always made darker, told how the sudden, peremptory speech had startled her. At last she found voice to say, in a low, half-stifled tone—

"Why, father?"

"I have reasons for not explaining the matter fully," replied he, concealing his own uneasiness under an assumption of importance; "but there are good reasons—only too good reasons."

But it must have been a very strong cause indeed that could repress the good Major's natural communicativeness, and he presently went on—

"The lad has disappointed me, very much disappointed me! I find there are grave suspicions of his loyalty. He has even been seen in communication with a known Yankee spy."

"But, father," said Liliás, beginning to recover from the startling effect of the unexpected announcement, "you know how false reports arise in a time like this! Think how long you have known Ernest. Why not trust him rather than mere rumours?"

"It is not mere rumour, Liliás. I do not give such ready heed to rumours; I had it on good authority. But that isn't all," he added, forgetting his reticent resolves. "He has been speaking, also, in an improper

way of—of you; presuming on all the kindness he has received here, and returning it thus! I have excellent authority for knowing that your name was talked of in a very unpleasant and improper manner between him and such fellows as Bill Davis."

The blood had rushed impetuously to Liliás' face, and now rushed back by a violent revulsion to her heart, leaving her face colourless. What if this should be true? Could it be possible? Then, her heart replied at once:—No! Ernest could not act so unworthily!

"But, father," she said at last, almost inaudibly, "I am sure there must be some mistake. I know he could not do so."

"I never should have thought it," replied the Major, rather bitterly, "but I had it on too good authority—that of Captain Percival, who is too honourable a man to say anything untrue—and he had it from one who was present. So remember, Liliás, have nothing more to do with him in any way! I can't have anything to say to a fellow who speaks of my little girl disrespectfully, nor let you have, either;" and, putting his arm around her, he kissed his daughter, who had to exert all the self-control in her power to keep down the sob that was rising in her throat.

Her face had flushed again when her father had named Captain Percival as his authority, partly from a feeling of anger at his interference, partly from shame and mortification that he should have heard anything of the kind, however untrue, about her. But she did not for a moment believe that the thing itself was true, however the report might have arisen. She felt that she knew Ernest too well, that she had too good reasons for implicit confidence in his honour, his truth,—in the scrupulous care he would exercise where her name was concerned, to entertain, for a moment, the idea that he could possibly have even alluded to her voluntarily in a conversation with Bill Davis. But it was of no use to reiterate her own

disbelief. Her father had evidently been fully impressed with the truth of what he had heard, and she knew how useless it was to try, by reasoning, to remove either an idea or a prejudice when once lodged in his mind. It could be done only by disproof, and that for the present was impossible. So she said nothing more, and by a violent effort retained her composure until, after a short interval of silence, her father rose wearily, saying he must go to bed. Liliás bade him her usual affectionate good-night, and lighted his candle. Then she escaped to her room, where her repressed agitation found relief, first in natural tears, and then in laying her burden at the feet of Him who cares for the sorrows of all His children.

When the traditional "cruel parent" interferes with the course of true love, he is usually such a hard-hearted unnatural ogre—so dead to all feelings of paternal love—so completely under the sway of worldly and sordid motives, that the daughter's course is comparatively simple. It is to cling at all hazards to the new affection that has taken root in her life, without troubling herself about the fate of the old relationship to which she owes her existence, and whose protection has sheltered her life until now. She is not troubled by any sweet reminiscences of tender affection and loving care, for there have been none, apparently, to recall. But when the bond between father and daughter has been that of strong exclusive attachment and reciprocal care; when it is an old love that arrays itself against the new, with all the tender, old-time associations; when it is the very love and care of the father that prompts the interference—for the difference is as truly one of point of view as was that between the knights of old, and the shield is as truly brazen to the father as it is silver to the daughter—then the case is very different, and the struggle in the daughter's heart much more complicated.

And Liliás' always deep affection for her

father had been of late deepened and intensified by the thought of his possible, nay probable, exposure to danger. In the dreams of surprises and sanguinary conflicts which had lately been troubling her slumbers, she had more than once seen the grey head that was so dear to her first leading the way with British pluck into the thickest of the fight, then laid low in the dust, stained with blood. Such ideas, which would not be shut out, made her heart more than usually tender towards her father—made her anxious to save him every unnecessary trouble and worry; and now, when he had been so troubled by hearing that her name had been disrespectfully used by one who certainly owed him gratitude for much past kindness, Liliás felt that she must not argue the matter farther, but must submit quietly for the present, and wait till time should bring to light Ernest's innocence—for innocent she was certain he was.

Major Meredith had his own painful thoughts about the matter, too; and an additional source of uneasiness, which, for a wonder, was hidden in his own breast. The conversation with Percival, in which Ernest had thus been maligned—unconsciously maligned certainly, for Percival had persuaded himself that what he wished to believe was true—had arisen from some hints in which the latter had led Major Meredith to infer his own admiration and regard for Liliás, an inference which was thoroughly in accordance with the Major's own wishes. But Percival had further hinted that he feared he might already be forestalled in Liliás' regard, and, on Major Meredith's warm assertion that he was sure such a thing was impossible, had fortified his position still further by means that lay ready to his hand. Accordingly he proceeded to communicate to the Major, already irritated by the idea which had been suggested to him, a good deal of the ill-natured gossip which Payne had been circulating about Ernest whenever he could find a listener as inter-

ested and as credulous as Percival. The indignant excitement of Major Meredith gave Percival good reason to suppose that Lilius would soon hear what he was certain would have its weight with her, even if it should give her some pain. In spite of himself, his conscience troubled him a little about the honourableness of thus stabbing a rival in the dark ; but he inwardly justified himself with the reflection that the stab was deserved, and that, by this means, he was not only exposing a wrong but also increasing his chance of gaining what he had persuaded himself was absolutely necessary to his future happiness. But Major Meredith, now that the idea of Lilius' preference for Heathcote had fairly entered his mind, was somewhat disquieted lest it might not be so groundless as he had wished to believe. He began to accuse himself of imprudence in having permitted the young people to be so much together, for, though he shrank from the idea of causing pain to Lilius, he could not bring himself to regard a possible union between her and Ernest as anything but a *mésalliance*—as much so as if they had been encompassed by the most rigid restrictions of English social opinion. It would touch his personal pride, too, as well as his conservative class prejudices, for his friends in England had prophesied such a result as one of the inevitable consequences of his settling, against their wishes, in Canada, when he retired on half pay. He had always put such an idea far from him, and had, till lately, persevered in regarding Lilius as a child ; but of late the thought of Captain Percival as a possible son-in-law had lodged itself in his mind as a happy way of settling his daughter's future, and falsifying the predictions which still lingered in his memory. As the son of an old friend, the scion of an ancient family, a brave and enthusiastic soldier, sure to rise in his profession—the profession most honourable of all in the Major's eyes—Percival had, in his estimation, everything to make him a desir-

able *parti* for Lilius. And all these desirable qualifications were lacked by poor Ernest, whom Captain Percival had contemptuously styled "a village schoolmaster." It would be awkward if Lilius cared for the fellow, thought the Major ; for he had by no means lost the memory of his own strong attachment, and of the grief of his loss. And the pain which he felt rather than saw Lilius had received from his communication increased his rising misgiving lest Percival's theory of a rival might be true. But he trusted that, if so, the information he had given her would open her eyes and steel her heart against Ernest ; and nothing more was said on the subject during his short visit. He was so sure of his daughter's honourable regard for his wishes that he did not feel it necessary to repeat his charge, and they parted with the tacit understanding that it would not be disregarded. But indeed Lilius was hardly likely at present to have any temptation to transgress it. She was, for once, glad of her father's departure, which relieved her from the effort of keeping up an appearance of cheerfulness with a sorely troubled heart.

About a week after his departure, Lilius was seated under her favourite hickory, her hands busily engaged in making an elaborate shirt for her father, while her thoughts had, as usual, wandered to Newark, when she saw John Wardle halt at the gate of The Elms. She knew that this, nowadays, generally portended a letter or a message from her father, and throwing down her work, she ran to the gate to receive what he had brought. There was, perhaps the shadow of a smile in the corner of honest John's mouth, which he would have deemed it disrespectful to show more distinctly, when he took carefully out of his pocket a note neatly folded and sealed, and handed it to Miss Lilius, saying that he was "bid to give it to her—her own self."

Lilius saw at a glance that the superscription was in Ernest's handwriting, and her

heart began to beat so violently, with mingled surprise, gladness and perplexity, that she found it difficult to command her voice so as to give old John the few pleasant words he always expected from her. At last, after what seemed a long time, she got away, and, sitting down again under her tree, she read and re-read the superscription before she could make up her mind whether it was right to open it. Was it not against the spirit, if not the letter of her father's command, even to read a communication from Ernest? And yet she felt sure that the note must have been written for good reason, and that harm might result from her leaving it unread. Ernest could not know of the prohibition of intercourse, and she might surely read what he had written, even though she could not, of course, reply to it. At any rate, she could not bring herself to destroy the letter unread; and to keep it and not read it seemed as impossible. So, although with a feeling of pain and perplexity at her heart, she cut the paper round the seal with careful, loving hand, and opened and read it.

She scarcely knew whether she was relieved or disappointed to find that the note contained no reference to personal matters, and needed no answer except action. There were only a few words, evidently written in haste, to say that he had every reason to fear that Lieutenant Payne had good hopes of very speedily inveigling Rachel into an elopement and a mock marriage. Would Liliat kindly see Rachel as speedily as possible, and, if she thought it needful, would she even cautiously put his uncle and aunt on their guard? He wished to spare them the pain of knowing anything about it, if possible; but it might be necessary. He would have come himself if he could have got away, but as he could not do so just then, he was sure he might take the liberty of asking Liliat.

She closed the note with a half sigh. Its tone was so thoroughly, almost distantly

respectful, that it seemed silently to rebuke the thoughts and feelings of which she had been conscious in regard to him. She could not know the aching longings that had been repressed—to say just one little word more! But she knew better, or perhaps it would be more correct to say felt more truly, now, than to entertain any jealousy about his concern for Rachel's welfare, and she resolved to attend to his request as speedily as possible.

Accordingly, as soon as the afternoon had grown a little cooler, she mounted her gray pony and rode off to the Lake Farm. When she reached it she found Mrs. Thurstane sitting alone at the spinning wheel, on which she was busily spinning wool for the winter stockings. She had more than her usual share of that to do this year, as Rachel had to go out to the fields now to help her father and her youngest brother, in the absence of the other lads—a task that did not altogether please Rachel, who had found out that the exposure was not good for her complexion.

She was not to be seen at this moment; her mother thought she had gone to look for the cows; so Liliat sat down to rest and enjoy a chat with her old friend. But Patience was not in her usual spirits, and Liliat soon found out that she was very anxious about Ernest. Major Meredith had encountered Jacob as he was leaving Oakridge, and, with his usual unreserve, had told him something of his dissatisfaction with his nephew and his determination to have nothing more to do with him.

"And Jacob's pretty keen when he's roused, you know, Miss Liliat," she said, "and of course he stood up for the lad, that he thinks as much of as of his own son; so I'm thinking they had some hot words between them; and my old man, I can see he takes it to heart, for he thinks so much of the Major, too! Ah, well, 'twould be a weary world if we didn't know who was over all, and that nothing can happen without

His letting it ! But for Ernest I would answer as for my own self. There never was a boy was more true to whatever he undertook, nor more honest, nor more careful to say nothing behind your back that he wouldn't say before your face."

"Indeed, I'm sure of that," replied Liliás warmly, "and I'm sure my father will be sorry by-and-by for his mistake. It'll all come right by-and-by," she added, with a confidence she was far from feeling.

As Rachel did not soon return, Liliás said she would go and look for her, and gathering up her habit, she strolled slowly about the farm, and down to the lake shore, every object around her bringing Ernest almost painfully to mind. But the object of her search was nowhere to be seen, and Liliás at last, not willing to be out late in the lonely road, said she must set out on her return, and come again to see Rachel. Patience seemed somewhat uneasy at her daughter's absence, and went to the gate herself to open it for Miss Liliás, and see her safely started.

Liliás had not gone far before she found that her stirrup-strap had come unfastened, and as she could not ride comfortably, she dismounted to set it right. To remount easily, she led her pony to a fallen log that lay at the edge of the road next the forest. Just as she was about to mount she thought she could hear voices a little way in the wood. She listened, and was sure she could distinguish the voice of Rachel speaking in low tones. She would advance cautiously she thought, and see ; so, throwing the pony's bridle over a branch, she picked her way in among the brushwood. Presently she came upon the figures, whom, at a glance, she could distinguish as Lieutenant Payne and Rachel, seated on a mossy log, with their backs toward her, and so engrossed in conversation that they did not hear the slight rustling she made in approaching them. Payne's arm was around Rachel's waist, and her hand in his, and he

seemed to be coaxing her to something to which she was somewhat averse.

"Just slip away with me now quietly," she heard him say, "I've got a good strong horse, and you can ride behind me. Then when we've made everything straight, we'll come back and see the old folks you know. And there'll be no more nasty, hard work in the hot sun for my pretty pet."

Liliás stood still for a moment, irresolute. She felt uncomfortable enough in the position of a listener, but she could not decide at once how to act. In a few moments, however, her mind was made up, and her moral courage conquered the natural shrinking that would have kept her back.

"Rachel," she said, in as calm a tone as she could command, "I'm glad I have found you. I have been at the farm looking for you."

Both Rachel and her companion had started to their feet, looking caught, the hot, guilty colour flushing over Rachel's face. Lieutenant Payne made a low bow to Liliás, whom he had met before, and was about to begin a complimentary salutation. But Liliás interrupted him, looking him straight in the face with her clear, candid eyes, before which his own fell.

"Lieutenant Payne," she said, slowly and decidedly, "I think that anything you may have to say to Rachel had better be said before her father and mother. If you persist in trying to see her alone, I shall have to put them on their guard."

Rachel looked miserable and imploring, and Payne tried to hide his anger and discomfiture under some suave unmeaning words, such as he was in the habit of addressing to ladies. Liliás took no further notice of him than to bid him a cool good evening, and taking Rachel's unresisting arm, she drew her towards the road, saying she would walk back to the farm-gate with her, leading her pony by his bridle. She talked earnestly and seriously to Rachel, trying to convince her of the Lieutenant's

baseness in seeking to allure her away from her home, and of the terrible sorrow she would bring upon her father and mother if she listened to him; and finally, under dread of exposure, extracted from the sobbing girl a distinct promise that she would not see or speak to her false-hearted admirer again without her mother's knowledge. It was a hard fight, but Liliás felt almost sure that the victory was gained at last; for Patience Thurstane had brought up all her family with the most solemn sense of the binding obligation of a promise. And Rachel's promise being given, it would not be easy to get her to break it.

As the two girls still stood talking at the gate, Jacob Thurstane came up on one of his stout farm-horses. He had been taking a bag of wheat to the mill at Oakridge, and was tired enough after his busy day's work. But no entreaties of Liliás would prevent him from turning back to escort her home. "It was getting too late," he said, "for her to be out alone."

As they rode on together he began to talk of her father, and Liliás could see that the old man's heart was a good deal troubled about his difference with "the Major."

"Him and me's rubbed on together so many years now without ever a word between us, and it comes hard to have any hasty words between us now! But, then, you see, I couldn't abide to hear the lad hardly spoken of, as I'm sure he doesn't deserve it. Why, I could answer for his being true to the back-bone, if my own life was at stake for it!"

Liliás tried to soothe the good old man by her own strong assurances of trust in Ernest, and her belief that her father's distrust would ere long be removed. She felt sure it was some wicked slander, and its falsity would soon be exposed.

"Yes," said Jacob, thoughtfully, "I don't believe in betting, but I'd be willing almost to lay something considerable that it's that fellow Davis has been at the bottom of it!

I saw him at the tavern as I went up to the village, with that Lieutenant Payne, and I met him going back as I was coming home. I wonder what brings him round here! After no good, I reckon."

Liliás saw she had an opportunity to give a word of warning without causing serious pain. So she replied—

"I have heard that he admires Rachel's beauty very much, and he may possibly be trying to get an opportunity to talk to her. It would be as well for you to look after her while he is about."

"Rachel! Indeed, I will," replied the farmer, emphatically. "That scamp shan't get the chance to put mischief into my child's head!" he said, little dreaming how close danger had been to the pet lamb of his fold.

Liliás felt silently thankful that she had been providentially permitted to be the means of warding off such a terrible calamity from the honest old man's home, as well as of saving Ernest's cousin, for she felt convinced that the girl's eager pleasure-loving heart had been on the point of yielding to the persuasions of a man for whom, nevertheless, she felt nothing stronger than a childish fancy.

But Liliás, next day, felt the sensation of weariness and lassitude almost overpowering her. She had been overstrained by the varying emotions of the past few weeks, and especially by the anxiety and depression that had followed her father's last visit, and the inward strain and excitement of her interference in Rachel's affair had brought a prostrating reaction to her sensitive organization. It soon became manifest that she was suffering from an attack of low fever, and on her father's next visit he rode off hurriedly to get the military doctor from Newark, and to send an imploring message to Marjorie McLeod, who came at once to nurse and tend her sick friend. And so Liliás, though she declared that there was scarcely anything the matter with her,

dragged on weary days and nights in the languor of intense, feverish prostration.

In the meantime, the stir of excitement and expectation was largely increased by news of the fighting in the west ; the action at Tarontee, where two brave privates of the 41st, like Horatius of old, "kept the bridge" in the face of overwhelming numbers, until one was killed and the other taken prisoner ; the contests, with varying success, between Hull and Proctor near Detroit, and the capture of the American post at Mackinaw Island by a handful of regulars, half-breeds and Indians. As the August heats drew on, and the volunteers were beginning to think anxiously of their yellowing fields, and to wonder how the harvest would be got in, General Brock, having got through the pressing business of the Legislature at York, set out with his staff and his little escort of regular soldiers, on the expedition to Detroit, which was to end so brilliantly

in its capture. Captain Percival, to his great satisfaction, was included in the General's staff, and went off in high spirits, hoping to see some action at last.

Ernest Heathcote got his ensigncy, but a few days after was sent for by his commanding officer, to answer seriously against the charges of disloyalty and treachery, rumours of which had become increasingly prevalent. But his unflinching firmness in denying the slightest shadow of foundation for such a charge, and the frank honesty of his bearing and his words, satisfied the officer that the report was only one of the baseless calumnies not unfrequently circulated in those days about loyal men. Moreover, he knew Ernest to be one of his most efficient and faithful volunteers, who could ill be spared. And Ernest went away with a lighter heart, for the few cordial words of his officer at parting satisfied him that, in that quarter at least, he would be trusted still.

(To be continued.)

THE WAY-SIDE ELM.

BY MRS. J. C. YULE.

STANDING alone by the highway side,
Stately, and stalwart, and tempest-tried,
Staunch of body and strong of bough,
Fronting the sky with an honest brow ;
King of the forest and field is he—
Yon way-side watcher—the old Elm tree.

When kindly summer, with smile serene,
Drapes branch and bough in her robe of green,
Ever the joyous wild birds come
And sing 'mid the clustering leaves at home ;
Ever the soft winds, to and fro,
Steal through the branches with music low ;
And golden sunbeams sparkle and play,
And dance with shadows the livelong day.

Up to his forehead, undimmed by time,
The morning sun-ray is first to climb,
With the tender touch of its earliest beam
To break the spell of his dewy dream ;
And there the longest, when daylight dies,
The rosy lustre of sunset lies,
As loath to fade on the distant sea,
Without an adieu to the old Elm tree.

And grand it is, when the wintry blast
With shout and clamor is sweeping past,
To watch the stately and stern old tree
As he battles alone on the wintry lea,
With leafy crown to the four winds cast,
And stout arms bared to the ruffian blast ;
Or fiercely wrestles with wind and storm,
Unbowed of forehead, unbent of form.

O proud old tree ! O loneliest tree !
Thy strong-limbed brothers have passed from thee,
One by one they've been swept away,
And thou alone—of the centuries grey
That have come and gone since thy hour of birth,
And left their scars on the patient earth—
Remainest to speak to the world and me
Of hoarded secrets that dwell with thee.

What of thy birth-hour ? what of thy prime ?
Who trod the wastes in that olden time ?
Who gathered flowers where thy shadows lay ?
Who sought thy coolness at noon of day ?
What warrior chieftains, what woodland maids,
Looked up to thee from the dusky glades ?
Who warred and conquered, who lived and died
In those far off years of the forest's pride ?

No voice, no answer ! So I, too, speak,
Yet mine, as the insect's call, is weak
To break thy silence, thou lonely tree,
Or win a whispered reply from thee.

Yet, teacher mine, thou hast taught my heart
 What soon from its records will not depart—
 A lesson of patience, a lesson of power,
 Of courage that fails not in danger's hour,
 Of calm endurance through winter's gloom,
 Of patient waiting for summer's bloom,
 And heavenward gazing through gloom of night,
 Like thee to watch for the dawning light.

YORKVILLE.

THE IROQUOIS.

BY THOMAS CROSS.

THE "Indian we read of" is no more.

The tall, graceful people who everywhere welcomed our race to the shores of America with trustful and generous kindness, whose name has been long associated with so many manly qualities and poetic ways and customs, have vanished from the earth. It has become the fashion to sneer at the idea of "the noble savage." But the Indian did not get his name for nothing. His high qualities live in the round unvarnished tale of Colden as in the bewitching pages of Cooper; and when we point to the poor creature who too often represents some once renowned and dreaded name, and say: "How unlike the Indian we read of,"—we should say it not in derision, but in shame for the state to which our society has brought down a once in many ways very noble branch of the human family.

In addition to the qualities attributed by early observers to the red race at large, the Iroquois were distinguished by a political

genius and a military capacity which not only enabled them to subdue their native foes far and wide, but to establish institutions that withstood the pressure of the growing millions of the white men, and to maintain their government and customs intact up to the time of the American Revolution. They remain, therefore, longer under the observation of the civilized historian than any other Indian race ever did, with their constitution, religion, social and family customs and traditions; and they, therefore, afford the best means of judging of what the red man might have proved himself capable had he been left to himself, or had he been allowed a fair chance of profiting by European civilization.

At the time of the discovery of America, the Iroquois Confederacy had its home in the rich and beautiful country of central and western New York. There were also outlying settlements on the St. Lawrence and on the north shore of Lake Ontario. The date

of the confederation is uncertain. Judging by their own traditions, it could not have been long prior to the white man's coming. But the advanced state at that time of their military organization and civil polity would suggest an earlier period. Their historian, the Honourable Cadwallader Colden, His Majesty's Surveyor-General of New York, who wrote during the first part of the eighteenth century—when the confederacy was at the height of its power—thus describes their Government :

"Each of these nations is an absolute republic in itself, and every castle in each nation makes an independent republic, and is governed in all public affairs by its own sachems, or old men. The authority of these rulers is gained by, and consists wholly in the opinion the rest of the nation have of their wisdom and integrity. They never execute their resolutions by force upon any of their people. Honour and esteem are their principal rewards, as shame and contempt are their punishments. They have certain customs which they observe in all public transactions with other nations and in their private affairs among themselves, which it is scandalous for any one among them not to observe, and these always draw after them either public or private resentment when they are broken.

"Their leaders and captains, in like manner, obtain their authority by the general opinion of their courage and conduct, and lose it by a failure in those virtues.

"Their great men, both sachems and captains, are generally poorer than the common people, for they affect to give away or to distribute all the presents or plunder they get in their treaties or in war, so as to leave nothing to themselves. There is not a man in the ministry of the Five Nations who has gained his office otherwise than by merit ; and there is not the least salary, or any sort of profit, annexed to any office to tempt the covetous or sordid ; but on the contrary, every unworthy action is attended with the

forfeiture of their commission ; for the authority is only the esteem of the people, and ceases the moment that esteem is lost. Here we see the natural origin of all power and authority among a free people.

"They strictly follow one maxim, formerly used by the Romans, to increase their strength. That is, they encourage the people of other nations to incorporate with them. And when they have subdued any people, after they have satisfied their revenge by some cruel examples, they adopt the rest of their captives, who, if they behave well, become equally esteemed with their own people."

A very remarkable feature in Iroquois politics was the power exercised by the women. "Every family," says Chateaubriand, "sent a member to the Council of Deputies. This member was named by the women, who often sent a woman to represent them. This was the Supreme Council. Thus the chief power was in the hands of the women. . . . The Iroquois thought that they should not deprive themselves of the aid of a sex whose discriminating and ingenious mind is fertile in resources." (*Voyage en Amérique.*)

The consideration enjoyed by women in the Iroquois Confederacy is very worthy of notice. In no other community, savage or civilized, has the sex ever found such appreciation or such honour. Sir William Johnson, when about to start on an expedition, received a message from the matrons of the Mohawk castle where he was, desiring him to abandon his intention ; and reminding him that an appeal from the women in council to the warriors was never made in vain among the Iroquois.

A condition in many ways so advanced as that of the Iroquois could hardly have been attained by a people possessing no resources other than those of a precarious chase. Accordingly we find that their agriculture was not altogether contemptible. Their fortified villages, or "castles," stood in the midst of vast fields of maize and other products of the

soil. Of Jacques Cartier's first kindly welcome at Hochelaga we read in Hackluyt: "The Indians brought us great store of fish, and of bread made of millet, casting them into our boats so thick that you would have thought it to fall from heaven. . . . Also, of pease and beanes, whereof they have great store, as also with other fruits, as musk millions and very greate cowcubers." Of the agriculture of the Indians of New England we read: "The Indians, at the first settlement of the English, performed many acts of kindness towards them. They instructed them in the manner of planting and dressing the Indian Corn," and, "by selling them corn when pinched with famine, relieved their distresses, and prevented them from perishing in a strange land and uncultivated wilderness."

Such was the condition of the Indian when we found him. "*L'Indien n'était pas sauvage. La civilisation Européenne n'a point agi sur le pur état de nature, elle a agi sur la civilisation Américaine commençante.*"—[CHATEAUBRIAND.] There appears to have been nothing at the outset to prevent the formation and the maintenance of friendly relations between the white man and the red. The many noble features of the Indian's character, and the generous welcome received by the early discoverers of America at all points, add fearfully to the record of guilt which makes up the history of the Christians' treatment of the heathen in America. For the seeming impossibility of the two races finding room to live in friendship together, even on this vast continent, we must look for other causes than the Indian's natural character or alleged inaptitude for civilization. Let us see how European civilization acted upon the infant civilization of America.

Champlain had no sooner established himself in Canada than he formed an offensive and defensive alliance with the Algonquins and Hurons against the Iroquois. He himself fired the first gun probably ever aimed at the life of an Indian. Champlain's shot

made a famous bag. His arquebus, loaded with four balls, killed three Iroquois Chiefs. It would have been happy for the infant colony could Champlain have foreseen the consequences of his wicked policy—ninety years of horrible Indian warfare—the influence of which in the ultimate loss of Canada to the French Crown none can tell; for the weakness caused thereby to the colony can never be estimated.

The "Massacre of Lachine" (1688) affords an example of the sufferings of unhappy New France throughout these ninety terrible years. It was provoked by De Denonville's treacherous breach of peace during the preceding year. "Twelve hundred men of the Five Nations," says Colden, "invaded the Island of Montreal when the French had no suspicion of any such attempt. They landed on the south side of the Island at Lachine, on the 26th July, 1688, where they burnt and sacked all the plantations, and made a terrible massacre of men, women and children. . . . There were above a thousand of the French killed at this time, and twenty-six were carried away prisoners, the greater part of which were burnt alive. The Five Nations only lost three men on this expedition, who got drunk and were left behind. This, however, did not satiate their thirst for blood, for in October following they destroyed, likewise, all the lower part of the Island, and carried away many prisoners.

"Canada was now in a most miserable condition, for while the greater number of their men had been employed in the expeditions against the Five Nations, and in trading among the fur nations, and making new discoveries and settlements, tillage and husbandry had been neglected, and they lost several thousands of their inhabitants by the continual incursions of small parties, so that none durst hazard themselves out of fortified places; indeed it is hard to conceive what distress the French were then under, for though they were everywhere

almost starving, they could neither plant nor sow, nor go from one village to another for relief but with imminent danger of having their scalps carried away by the skulking Indians. At last, the whole country being laid waste, famine began to rage, and was like to have put a terrible end to that colony.

"If the Indians had understood the method of attacking forts, nothing could have preserved the French from entire destruction at this time."

In all estimates of the cost of Indian wars, the terrible moral evils resulting from them are forgotten. The French were at first shocked at the cruelty of their allies. Champlain's arquebus was again brought to bear upon the person of an Iroquois, this time to end his torments at the stake. But this squeamishness did not last long. In many an instance on record, a Frenchman broiled the victim's legs with a red hot gun-barrel, or set fire to gunpowder poured into gashes in his flesh. At last a French nobleman, the gallant and able De Frontenac himself, was not ashamed to order the torture of an Iroquois chief in Quebec, in the manner thus described by Lahontan, who witnessed the accused proceedings as long as his stomach permitted.

"Some young Hurons of Lorette took him and led him to the Cap au Diamant, where they had taken the precaution to collect a great pile of wood. He hastened to death with more indifference than Socrates would have done had he been in similar case. During the torture he never ceased singing—that he was a warrior, brave and without fear; that the most cruel death could never shake his courage; that no torments could wring a cry from him, and that, if he were burnt, he had the consolation of having served many French the same way. All he said was true, especially as to his courage and firmness; for I can swear with all truth that neither tear nor sigh escaped him; on the contrary, while suffering the most horri-

ble torments which could be invented, and which lasted about three hours, he never ceased singing for a moment. They put the soles of his feet on two great red hot stones; they burnt the ends of his fingers with lighted pipes, nor would he withdraw his hands; they cut his joints one after another; they twisted the sinews of his arms and legs with a little iron rod in a manner which must have caused him frightful pain. At last, having made him suffer all imaginable horrors, to crown their cruelty these butchers took off his scalp and would have thrown red hot sand upon his bare skull had not a slave of the Hurons of Lorette interfered, by discharging a tremendous blow on his head with a club. This was done by order of *Madame l'Intendante*, who had the compassion thus to shorten the wretch's torments. All these pains could not interrupt the music of our man, and I was assured he sang to the last."

The witty and amiable baron had often been compelled to witness the fiery trial during his prolonged travels among the Indians. "Ce qui," says he, "est bien gênant et bien désagréable pour un honnête homme."

Meanwhile the English, having taken New York in 1665, formed an alliance with the Five Nations, which was adhered to with the greatest fidelity and notwithstanding the greatest sacrifices, on the part of the Iroquois, until the close of the American revolution. For some time this alliance seemed to be to the advantage of the Five Nations; for by means of the fire-arms obtained from the English they triumphed over their native foes far and wide, and almost exterminated the colony of New France. They carried their arms from Canada to Carolina, and westward to the Mississippi. The names of Ontario and Niagara, Kentucky and Ohio, are in their language. All the neighbouring tribes paid them tribute, and presumed neither to make peace nor war without their consent. "An old Mohawk sachem," says Colden, "in a poor blanket and a dirty shirt, may be

seen issuing his orders with as arbitrary authority as a Roman dictator."

Throughout the century of war which followed their alliance with the English, the Iroquois were unshrinkingly faithful, sparing neither toil nor blood, and flinching from no suffering in the hour of misfortune. The history of this fearful time cannot be given here. The services performed by our Indian allies are thus summed up by Schoolcraft: "Who can read the details of ap hundred years' sanguinary contests without perceiving that it was the untiring vigilance, the unerring accuracy of their geographical knowledge of the wilderness, and the manly bravery of the Iroquois, which up to the year 1775 preserved Western New York to the British crown?"

But this alliance of giant and dwarf told terribly on their slender numbers. In 1684, Lahontan estimated them at sixty or seventy thousand. A "Memorial concerning the Fur Trade," addressed to the Governor of New York in 1725, represents them as being "ten times less numerous" than when the English gained the country. The census taken by Sir William Johnson, shortly before the outbreak of the American revolution, proved their numbers to be reduced to a little over eleven thousand souls.

In 1669, the Peace of Ryswick delivered unhappy Canada from the terrible scourge of the Iroquois war parties. A fearful price had been paid for Champlain's experiment with his arquebus ninety years before. For three generations the people had eaten their bread, when they had any, in perpetual fear and trembling. They had gone to labour in the fields in uncertainty of ever returning to their homes. They had often and often been forced to neglect both seed-time and harvest. They had many times seen their country laid waste, and their friends butchered or carried away to die amid the most cruel torments.

From this date until the time of the American Revolution the Five Nations took

advantage of their comparative state of peace to make rapid advance in civilization; at the same time maintaining their confederacy and its government, which they proudly held up as a model to the English colonists. Their progress during this period proves them to have advanced far in a course of civilization which, had it proceeded unchecked by the white man's quarrels, would soon have broken down all barriers between them and their European neighbours. Though reduced in numbers and compassed in on every side by the growing millions of the white man, and fallen from the proud position of holding the balance of power between two great civilized nations in America, the Iroquois now displayed in a more remarkable degree than ever the genius of their race. "The policy and wisdom by which the Iroquois met and resisted the inroads of European power, and prevented the overturning of their institutions, furnishes the highest evidence of their superiority as an active, thinking race of men. . . . No leading event, in fine, in the history of the colonies, has been consummated without the power, in peace or war, of the Iroquois. . . . In any political scheme of the colonies, the course of the Iroquois in the question at issue was ever one of the highest moment; and he must be a careless reader of history who does not perceive how vital an element they became in all the interior transactions between A.D. 1600, at the general period of the settlement of the colonies, and the close of the war of American Independence."—[SCHOOLCRAFT.]

The chief military feature of this part of Iroquois history is the presence of King Hendrick with two hundred Mohawks at the bloody battle of Lake George, in 1755. "They fought like lions," was Sir William Johnson's report of them. As in former wars, their place was the forefront of the hottest battle. They lost a fourth of their number. Their English allies lost an eighth

of theirs. Of the enemy, half remained on the field. The aged warrior-sachem fell at the head of his Mohawks.

Few at the present day are aware of the progress the Iroquois had made in civilization at the time of the outbreak of the American revolution. The narrative of General Sullivan affords, perhaps, the best information on this point. That officer commanded the expedition sent by Washington, in 1779, to lay waste the country of the Five Nations. One of the chief features of the performances of this expedition was the immense quantity of grain it destroyed, besides very fine orchards of apple, pear and peach trees. The Indians had several towns and many large villages, laid out with a considerable degree of regularity. They had frame houses, some of them well finished, having chimnies and painted. The houses of the Indian town of Genessee are described by Sullivan as "mostly large and very elegant," the town being "beautifully situated, almost encircled with a clear flat, extending a number of miles, over which extensive fields of corn were waving, together with every kind of vegetable that could be conceived."

As we have seen, the Iroquois were from the first to some extent an agricultural people. Nor had they ever been slow to profit by the lessons of the European whenever a brief peace enabled them to do so. As early as 1687 Lahontan thus describes a Seneca village, whose inhabitants had fled on the approach of De Denonville's expedition: "We found nothing there to kill but *horses, cattle, poultry, and a vast quantity of pigs*, but no men. . . . Those among us who were most enraged expended their fury upon the Indian corn. This was cut down by mighty blows of the sword. We spent five or six days in this valiant occupation. Encouraging each other in our martial fury, we advanced for *three leagues*, always beating our enemy—the Indian corn."

But the white man's wars again rendered their efforts vain, and cast them back once

more into savagery. The result to them of the American war was the loss of their ancient and beautiful country, the overturning of their cherished institutions, the revival of their distaste for peaceful pursuits, the exercise for seven years of their darker nature, and their banishment to the Canadian wilderness, to climb once more as best they could the up-hill road to plenty and civilization. Situated as they were, neutrality would have been impossible. The inducements to join the Royal standard were many. The Puritan Colonists of New England had early commenced that course of outrage and injustice towards the Indians in which the Americans have persevered even unto the year of grace eighteen hundred and seventy-four. Placing themselves in the position of the Israelites, and the Indians in that of the heathen of the Promised Land, those bible-loving people had no difficulty in finding texts to warrant every atrocity they were inclined to. The unprovoked barbarities which brought on the Cresap War, the cold-blooded murder of the wife and family of the noble Cayuga chief, Logan, were also fresh in the minds of the Indians. The English of New York, on the contrary, had kept faith and friendship with the Five Nations unbroken for more than a hundred years, through all the sacrifices incidental to arduous and sanguinary wars. The Iroquois had been treated by the English, not as inferiors, but as friends and allies. Their chiefs had been received with honour at the Courts of Anne and the Georges, and had borne themselves becomingly among the nobility of England. But there was another reason which alone would have impelled them to the Royal cause. The Indians were always a treaty-keeping people. After the war, we find Brant writing to Sir Evan Nepean:—"When I joined the English at the beginning of the war, it was purely on account of my forefathers' engagements with the King. I always looked upon those engagements or covenants between the

Indian nations and the King as a sacred thing."

It would take too long to follow the course of Brant and his warriors through the Revolutionary War. Their mode of warfare was chiefly one of annoyance, but its effect in prolonging the contest must have been great; and we may estimate it in some measure by the alarm and uncertainty caused over and over again in our own day by handfuls of Indian warriors in various parts of the United States. The cruelties of the Indians are justly foremost among the reasons for which American school children are taught to hate England. They were, nevertheless, rivalled by the atrocities of the civilized combatants on both sides. The massacre of the Muskingum by the Americans was an enormity perhaps unique in the story of the wars of civilized peoples. Ninety Indians, half of them women and children, Moravian converts whose religion forbade them to fight, harmless and even useful people, practising the arts of civilization, were murdered under pretence of safe conduct, and without a shadow of provocation. Our Indian allies were, also, often outdone in barbarity by the Tories, as in the case of Lieutenant Boyd. Poor Boyd was a prisoner in the hands of Brant, by whom he was used with kindness. But when the Chieftain's absence left him to the mercies of Colonel Butler, that officer gave him up to the Indians to die a most horrible death.

At the peace of 1783, the loyalty and devotion of the Iroquois were strangely rewarded. All their sacrifices, which were nothing short of all they held most dear, the shedding of their blood like water, the great services of their distinguished chief, did not prevent their utter neglect by Britain. They were not even mentioned in the treaty. Their ancient country—theirs beyond the time of their remotest traditions—the good land to which at some vastly distant time their fathers had been led by the heaven-sent

teacher Tarenyawakon, was given to the Americans, and they were removed to the beautiful but unbroken wilderness on the Grand River, where they were allowed to settle on a tract of land extending from the source to the mouth of that stream, and twelve miles in width. Before the war they had been the friends and allies of England—not her subjects. Brant had refused to kiss the King's hand when presented at Court. From this position of independence they were now brought down to a condition below that of the meanest subject. The people who had shown such amazing political genius and virtue, whose conduct as allies had been so worthy of respect for so long, were reduced to a state of pupilage fatal at once to all sense of dignity and to all energy of action. Both Sir Guy Carleton and Sir Frederick Haldimand had promised Brant that the Six Nations should be maintained in the position which they occupied before the war, but the chief soon found that his people had no ownership in their new lands, nor any share in the government whose subjects they were forced to become. His remonstrances were many and indignant, but fruitless.

To the time of his death, in 1807, Brant toiled wisely and ceaselessly for his people. His earnestness in endeavouring to establish schools and churches among them contrasts nobly with the apathy of the dignitaries of the country, lay and clerical. The first Episcopal church in Upper Canada was built by the chief in 1786, with funds he had collected when in England. His habits of thought and observation, and his intercourse with civilized and polite society, had taught him to regard amalgamation with the whites as the surest means of weaning them from their natural predilection for savage life. It certainly does seem that to shut them up in reserves, there to cherish their old customs, language and religion, and to be a people separate and apart, without property or political status, must effectually

prevent their caring to make any effort for their own advancement.

The story of Brant's latter days is a sad one. He had to deal with a people fresh from the sufferings, the cruelties and the thousand moral ills engendered by seven years of savage war, mad with the passion for strong drink, and in no condition to profit by the wisdom of a chief wise beyond his generation.

The war of 1812 again called forth the warriors of the Six Nations, this time under John Brant, who had succeeded his great father in the chieftainship. The affair at Beaver Dam, planned by this brilliant young chief—then only eighteen—and entirely carried out by his warriors, resulted in the capture of Colonel Boerstler and six hundred men.

The descendants of the Six Nations in Canada now number some seven thousand souls, engaged in agriculture and other industrial pursuits, having their schools and temperance and agricultural societies like other people. Those accustomed to associate with them know well that they are in no way inferior in intelligence, indeed, that they display remarkable soundness of judgment as compared with whites of equal education and opportunities. All who have

travelled through the wilds of the Nor' West in the company of Iroquois *voyageurs* have pleasant memories of their courteous manners, their watchful though unobtrusive attention and care, and think gratefully of their calm courage in the hour of peril, at times when the least failure of eye or nerve or muscle would be destruction. Those who know the Iroquois know from observation what history proves, that the proud title *Onkwé Honwé* ("real men") was not assumed by his ancestors without cause, and will heartily endorse the words of the Honourable Mr. Langevin, in his report as Secretary of State for the year 1868: "The experience which I have gained since I took in hand the superintendence of the affairs of the Indians has convinced me that the time has come for facilitating the enfranchisement of a great number of those Indians who, by their education and knowledge of business, their intelligence and good conduct, are as well qualified as the whites to enjoy civil rights, and to be released from a state of tutelage." Yes, surely! Let us do them this justice, and deliver them from what they must feel to be an unmerited degradation, and a discouragement to all effort to take their place as members of a civilized community.

SONNET.

BY T. K. HENDERSON.

THERE are some graces in the human heart—
 Though veiled and hidden from the common eye—
 That, when night sweeps along the dreary sky,
 And clouds come down upon the soul, do start
 To life, of pale Adversity begot,
 And nursed in Sorrow's lap : of these, I wot,
 Are Faith and Patience ; not to them belong
 The gladsome morn and the unclouded sun,
 But forth they come to gild the twilight hour,
 And cheer the tenant of some lowly room,
 Like to that sad and sorrowing flower*
 That flings its perfume o'er the forest's gloom—
 But, when the laughing hours awake the dawn,
 Straight folds its blossoms up, and sleeps again !

* The "Sorrowful Flower" of Bombay. It blooms only at night, closing up its flowers when the sun shines upon it.

BRIDES AND BRIDALS.*

THIS is the title of a very amusing and instructive work by Mr. John Cordy Jeaffreson, author of "A Book about the Clergy," "A Book about Lawyers," "A Book about Doctors," &c., &c. It contains a great deal of information concerning the early customs of English matrimony, and discusses at the same time many points connected with this subject, such as Parental Authority, Woman's Rights, Marriage with Deceased Wife's Sister, the Carrying away of Heiresses, Divorce, &c. We shall endeavour to lay before our readers a hasty sketch of some of the principal topics treated of by Mr. Jeaffreson, referring them for more detailed accounts to the work itself, which will afford ample entertainment to those (we doubt not the great majority of our readers) who are more or less directly interested in this important subject.

The three modes of marriage which have been, and still are, in vogue in the world, are Marriage by Capture, Marriage by Purchase, and Marriage by Fascination. Presuming that our readers have acquired all requisite knowledge as to the last of these, let us consider the two former, as presenting features not to be met with in our every day experience.

MARRIAGE BY CAPTURE.

Sir John Lubbock says: "Thus, then, we see that marriage by capture, either as a stern reality or an important ceremony, prevails in Australia and amongst the Malays, in Hindostan, Central Asia, Siberia, and Kamschatka; among the Esquimaux, the Northern Redskins, the Aborigines of Brazil, in Chili and Terra del Fuego, in the Pacific Islands, both amongst the Polynesians and

Fijians, in the Philippines, among the Arabs and the Negroes, in Circassia, and until recently throughout a great part of Europe."

When a young Australian has discovered a woman whose beauty comes up to his ideal, and whose form gives promise of an ability to support him in easy indigence for the rest of his days, he takes his friends in council, and begins preparations for a forcible abduction. No interchange of endearing sentiments is indulged in as a prelude to the final step which shall unite their future lots; no fictitious aids are brought into requisition to heighten the charms of the gallant suitor. At the dead of night, when her male friends may be absent on some expedition, or may have been decoyed away by accomplices, the hapless maiden is awakened by a spear thrust through her back hair, and by a command given to move on, accompanied by irresistible persuasives. If she resists she is knocked on the head, and dragged senseless beyond the reach of her natural protectors; if she yield gracefully to the pressure brought to bear upon her, she is led off quietly and gently, but wearing a hair-pin very significant of much that awaits her. After this comes the fight. Her angry and bereaved relatives closely follow the robber of one of their most valuable toilers; but the right of the strongest is generally secured by the lover, who has the advantage over his antagonists in respect of preparation.

A custom, similar in many respects to this, prevailed among our remote ancestors in Great Britain. Though more highly civilized than the native Australians of the present day, they exhibited equal disregard of the predilections of the damsel and of the wishes of her relatives. At the outset of her married life the wife received a severe

* London: Published by Hurst & Blackett.

lesson on the duty of obedience to her lord, and a striking proof was given to her of the transference to her husband of the paternal authority. Many of the observances to be met with until recently in many parts of the country give unmistakable indication of having originated from this mode of marriage. Two hundred years ago in Westmeath, when those accompanying the groom approached the escort of the bride, "being come near each other," says Piers, "the custom was to cast short darts at the company that attended the bride, but at such distance that seldom any hurt ensued. Yet it is not out of the memory of man that the Lord of Hoath on such an occasion lost an eye."

In Cardiganshire the groom's party was, until recently, received with a shower of abuse, the bride being given up when this was exhausted. In Wales, even in the present century, the regular form of marriage by capture was gone through with. The bride was mounted on a horse with one of her male friends, and the bridegroom started in close pursuit of them in the presence of the assembled people. All those who were mounted joined in the run, which must have given the proceedings very much the appearance of a fox-hunt. In many parts of England it is the custom for the father not to come to the church until the rest of his daughter's bridal party have assembled. This custom arose out of the character of his part in the proceedings attending marriage by capture, and the consent which he now gives is in exact analogy with that given by the ancient Briton, after all attempts to rescue his daughter had proved unavailing. But the law of Saxon England affords direct evidence of the existence of this custom. Ethelbert ordained that he who was guilty of "carrying away a maid by force," should "pay fifty shillings to her owner, and afterwards buy her from him." But he was not required to return her. The same king declared that if a man forcibly took posses-

sion of another man's wife, he might retain her, on his supplying, at his own cost, the bereaved party with another. This is conclusive testimony to the existence of a form of marriage wherein the "best man" was he who kept the pursuers at bay while the bride was being carried away to a secure retreat, and the groomsmen were literally what their name signifies.

MARRIAGE BY PURCHASE.

This form of marriage prevails in all those moderately enlightened countries where it is to the pecuniary advantage of the father to keep his girls at home. Among savage nations, as we have seen, recourse is had to violence in order to overcome the selfish desires of the old people; but in a higher stage of society the same end is attained by the payment of a sum of money. The English father of feudal times had a much greater pecuniary interest in his daughters than has he of this day in his fashionable daughters of the period. These toil not, neither do they spin; and yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of them. But in old times it was far otherwise. All the domestic work of the house, the manufacture of clothing, &c., was done by the wife and daughters, and the advantage to a man of his daughters' services was very considerable. At present, a poor man with four or five daughters is seldom congratulated upon this circumstance; then they were regarded as so many arrows in his quiver. Now, he is not altogether unwilling to part with them when they have attained to years of matronly discretion; then he guarded them jealously as valuable chattels, and could be induced to part with them only for a valuable consideration. Fathers, accordingly, demanded money for their daughters, and lovers were the more willing to pay it, since they acquired thereby money's worth. Sometimes a payment was made at the betrothal, professedly for the support of the girl until marriage. This was called *foster lean*, and was received

without compunction by wealthy men to assist in the support of their daughters. Such was the desire of those of old to make money out of their parental privileges, that numerous instances occurred of girls being sold surreptitiously to three or four men, and finally, perhaps, being made over to another. To such an extent did this abuse go, that laws were enacted for its punishment. For any fraud of this kind on the father's part, he had to forfeit the *foster lean*, and also, generally, an additional amount by way of penalty. The best prevention, however, to such frauds was supplied by the custom which subsequently universally obtained, of not paying any of these charges till the wedding day.

ESPOUSALS.

"A contract of eternal bond of love,
Confirmed by mutual joinder of your hands,
Attested by the holy close of lips,
Strengthened by interchangement of your rings;
And all the ceremony of this com
Sealed in my function, by my testimony."

This is a detailed account of the ceremony of betrothal, given by the priest in "Twelfth Night." It was in old times of a far more important character than the modern engagement, being often celebrated in public, and in many cases being almost as binding on the parties as marriage itself. The relation established in espousal could only be dissolved by mutual consent, or by some cause of a serious nature, such as heresy, apostasy, infidelity, bodily disfigurement, or prolonged absence. So far as the binding nature of their engagement was concerned, the law looked upon them as man and wife, and unless some such cause as those above mentioned could be alleged, or unless the other party concerned waived his right in the matter, neither the man nor the woman could contract a valid marriage with any one else. The following instance of a surrender and transference of vested

rights occurs in the register of Clare, Suffolk:—

"Memorandum, that I, Susan Ward of Clare, doe resigne all my right in John Manson to Susan Frost, so that they proceed to marriage, in witness of the truth herof I the said Susan Ward have set my hand this the 5 of Januarii. Witness John Prentice. The + mark of Susan Ward."

So much weight was given to espousals, that the spouses often called each other by the names husband and wife. In the "Taming of the Shrew," when Petruchio is addressing his prospective wife and father-in-law, he says:

"Father, wife, and gentlemen, adieu;
I will to Venice, Sunday comes apace:
We will have rings and things and fine array,
And kiss me, Kate, we will be married o' Sunday."

The first part of the present marriage service, down to the woman's answer: "I will," is nothing but the old form of espousal. Up to this point the questions and answers are in the future tense; but after this they take the form befitting the actual marriage.

In the earliest times a ring was simply given to the betrothed girl by her lover; afterwards arose the custom of an interchange of rings. In consequence of this, gimmel rings were introduced, consisting of two or more rings, each containing a line of poetry or a portion of a word, and which, on being fitted together, presented the complete verse or word. Each of the betrothed persons wore one of these, and, if there were more than two rings, the others were given to the witnesses. Among the wealthy these rings were of gold; but silver was the metal most commonly employed throughout England. Those couples who were too poor to afford rings often broke a small coin in two, and each kept a half. In the "Logie of Buchan," the lonely maiden says:

"He had but ae saxpence, he brak it in twa,
And gi'ed me the hauf o't when he gaed awa."

A great deal of importance was attached

to the passing of a ring from a man to a woman ; so much so that it became very dangerous for a girl to accept a ring from any one with whom she had not decided to cast in her lot. A ring was then a real mark of distinction, and, in the case of women, was only allowed to those who were betrothed or married. The mere giving and acceptance of a ring, without any words passing, was considered by many as sufficient to constitute an espousal. The following anecdote will afford an illustration of this opinion :

A priest, being desirous of entering the marriage state, obtained a license from the Pope, on condition that he would first pay his addresses to the patroness of his church, St. Agnes, and place on her finger an emerald ring sent by the Pontiff himself. Congratulating himself on the easy condition, he proceeded to perform it ; but the being he addressed was far more desirous of wedlock than from her character and history he was led to suspect. The image of the Saint put forth its hand to accept the token, and when it was placed on the ring-finger the hand closed, and he was unable to remove it. The poor priest saw that his addresses had been too favourably received. He was contracted to her, and could wed no one else. An old author removes all doubts in which the sceptical might be inclined to indulge, by the assurance that "even yet the rynge is on the fynger of the ymage."

But in the seventeenth century Henry Swinburne stoutly contended against the doctrine that the mere acceptance of a ring was sufficient to bind the parties, saying that "by this means, as by a bait, many simple maids might easily be hooked, e'er they were advised, and so contracted before they consented : a matter no less unreasonable than unlawful."

The kiss was also deemed a very important part of the ceremony of espousal. Whether the espousals were public or private, the

"holy close of lips" had a very direct pecuniary bearing upon the settling of accounts consequent upon the breaking off of an engagement. The man had in all cases to return the presents which he had received from his betrothed ; but, if the maiden could prove that she had been kissed by her lover during the engagement, she was permitted to retain a half of the presents she had received from him. This gallant provision of the old law received a striking illustration as late as the year 1835. "The magistrates of Exeter, adjudicating on a dispute arising out of an unfriendly rupture of a marriage contract, ordered the male spouse to return a watch that he had received from the female contractor, and required her to pay him only half the value of the brooch that his love had bestowed on her."

PUBLICATION OF BANNs.

It is not simply on account of the greater modesty of the spouses of the present day that recourse is less frequently had than formerly to this method of assuring the validity of the marriage. In Catholic times the restraints on marriage were of a most complicated and embarrassing nature, and ecclesiastical relations might exist between the parties, of which they were wholly ignorant, but which could be raked up, after years of wedded happiness, to render the marriage null and void. Straight and narrow was the way that led to a valid ecclesiastical marriage, and comparatively few there were who could be perfectly confident that they were walking therein. First, second and third cousins were forbidden to intermarry. Not only so, but on the ground that husband and wife were one flesh, a man could not marry his deceased wife's third cousin. But, further still, although unlawful relations between a man and a woman were not recognized as valid unions, the Church, nevertheless, regarded them as efficacious to the extent of making the parties one flesh. Thus, a man could not marry the third cousin of

a woman with whom he had contracted spurious wedlock, or with whom he had had any improper intercourse. Not only in the above cases was a union pronounced incestuous; but also in case one of the parties could be shown, on the testimony of two witnesses, to have been espoused to a relative of the other within the prohibited degrees. But, however oppressive these restrictions might be to humble lovers, who knew almost nothing of their grand-parents, and nothing at all of their collateral relations of the second and third degrees, the foregoing summary does not comprise all, nor the most oppressive restrictions on the liberty of marriage. A man might be perfectly confident that he stood in no blood relationship to the woman of his choice; that neither he nor she had ever formed any improper intimacies with any of the other's relatives; and that neither had ever been contracted to a relative of the other. Notwithstanding all this, their marriage might be set aside, the woman covered with shame, and the children declared illegitimate, if it could be shown that, during the celebration of the ordinance of baptism, the grandmother of the woman had touched a child to whom the grandfather of the man had stood as godfather. Those related *spiritually* could not intermarry within the degrees prohibited in the case of blood relations. A man could not marry his god-mother nor any of her relatives who would have been too near had she been his natural mother. Those who had a common god-parent were considered brothers and sisters. A man and woman who had stood as god-parents to the same child, were spiritually man and wife, and could not contract bodily marriage. Lord Coke said that in old time it was a common thing for a marriage to be annulled by Holy Church "because the husband had stood god-father to his own cousin." The doctrine was even pushed so far, that it was held that whoever accidentally brushed against the robe of the newly-baptised infant

at a christening, thereby incurred the marital disabilities of a god-parent. The Councilors of Trent passed the following ordinance concerning this last point:—"But if others, besides those mentioned (*viz.*, the real god-parents) have touched the baptized child, they shall by no means contract thereby spiritual relationship, the constitutions to that effect provided to the contrary notwithstanding."

In such a state of things we cannot wonder that recourse was oftener had to the publication of banns than now, and that every opportunity should have been taken to acquire information on a subject of which both the parties were to a great extent ignorant. It very seldom happens at present that the publication of banns elicits any information which leads to the breaking off of the engagement; but in old times, when the spouses were often not the best posted persons in regard to their natural or ecclesiastical relationships, marriages were frequently forbidden in Church, and the parties were thus prevented from contracting an incestuous union.

CELEBRATION OF MARRIAGE.

The bride came to the church with her hair hanging over her shoulders, preceded by minstrels, attended by two bachelor friends and her bridesmaids, and followed in the distance by her father. Standing on the groom's left, ungloved, unless a widow, she placed her hand in his, and listened to the following promise: "I — take thee — to my wedded wife, to have and to holde, fro this day forwarde, for bettere for wors, for richere for poorer; in sykeness and in hele; tyll dethe us departe, if holy chyrche it wol ordeyne; and thereto I plight thee my trouthe." Their hands were then separated, when the bride caught that of the groom in hers and said: "I —, take thee —, to my wedded husbnde, to have and to holde, fro this day forwarde, for bettere for wors; for richere for poorer; in sykeness and in

hele ; to be bonere and buxom, in bedde and at borde, ty'll dethe us departe, if holy chyrche it wol ordeyne ; and thereto I plight thee my trouthe." The ring was then produced, and the groom placed it upon the thumb of the bride's left hand, saying "In the name of the Father," then on the second finger, saying "And of the Son," then on the third finger, saying "And of the Holy Ghost," and finally on the fourth finger with the conclusive "Amen." They then received the priestly benediction, attended the celebration of mass, the groom received the benedictional kiss from the priest and transferred it to the bride, and a slight collation of bread, wine, and sweetmeats was spread for the bridal party in the Church. They then returned to the abode of the bride's father with flying colours and the sound of music. The bride was accompanied home by two married men. After this followed in order :

THE DINNER AND THE DANCE.

- "When all the meat was on the table,
What man of knife, or teeth, was able
To stay to be entreated ?
And this the very reason was,
Before the parson could say grace
The company was seated.
- "Now hats fly off and youths carouse ;
Healts first go round, and then the house ;
The bride's came thick and thick ;
And when 'twas named another's health,
Perhaps he made it hers by stealth,
But who could help it, Dick ?
- "O' the sudden up they rise and dance ;
Then sit again, and sigh and glance ;
Then dance again and kiss."

The old wedding banquet was a very different affair from the modern wedding breakfast, where everything moves so sedately, and people are on their best behaviour. In old times the scenes around and under the table were well calculated to shock sensitive eyes and ears. Alfred the Great never recovered to his dying day from the effects of his excesses at his own wedding

banquet. The clergy preached against these orgies in no measured terms ; and the sermons of Elizabethan divines contain vivid descriptions of the actions of those, who felt themselves released from the ordinary restraints of society. Shakespeare gives a picture, in the Taming of the Shrew, of the disorderly conduct of a bridegroom on such an occasion.

When the last toast had been drunk, the highest born gallant of the party led the bride out to the dance, and was followed by the rest of the company. At the end of the dance the fiddles squeaked "Kiss her," which was no sooner said than done. The most popular of the wedding dances was the Cushion Dance, otherwise known as Joan Anderson. Modern notions of propriety have consigned this dance to the children's party ; but in former times every man must have kissed every woman, and *vice versa*, before the ball was over.

At the proper hour the bride made her escape from the room, but not until the groomsmen had snatched from her dress all the ribbons they could lay their hands on, and from her feet the garters, which were purposely allowed to trail. It was a great matter to secure one of the bride's garters, as the possessor was promised good luck in the matrimonial line. All these ribbons and favours were worn during the subsequent days of merry-making, and, in order to distribute them more generally, the groomsmen caused a general scramble by throwing them into the crowd.

THROWING THE STOCKING.

When the bride had been got ready for the final leave-taking, she and the groom, sitting up in bed, received the company. The slipper, the token of the husband's authority, was hung up over his head. The ceremony of "throwing the stocking" was then performed. The bridesmaids sat on the bride's side of the bed with their backs towards her, and the two groomsmen on the other side in a

similar position. The first bridesmaid threw one of the bride's stockings over her head with intent to hit the groom's head, and was followed by the first groomsman, who endeavoured to hit the bride's head with one of her husband's stockings. The second bridesmaid and groomsman did the same, and those who succeeded could predict for themselves a speedy marriage.

After this, in Catholic times, the priest hallowed the bed with incense, and gave his final benediction, handing to the wedding pair the Benediction Posset. When the cup of wine had been drunk, the curtains were drawn and the company dispersed.

BRIDAL MUSIC.

"And as they was homewards advancing,
A dancing and singing of songs,
The *rough music* met them all prancing,
With frying-pans, shovels, and tongs,
Tin-canisters, salt-boxes plenty,
With trotter-bones beat by the boys,
And they being hollow and empty,
They made a most racketing noise.

"Bowls, gridirons, platters, and ladles,
And pokers tin kettles did bruise,
The noise, none to bear it was able,
The warming-pan beat with old shoes ;
Such a rattling, racketing uproar,
Had you but heard it, no doubt,
All hell was broke loose you'd have swore,
And the devils were running about."

—*The Bunter's Wedding.*

No wedding was thought to have been properly celebrated unless the guests had been treated to a large amount of noise, which among our ancestors went under the name of music. The drum was the instrument from which it was most commonly sought to draw emotion ; but cymbals, trumpets, bassoons, and harps were wont to be exercised in making bridal days and nights hideous. Music was rendered while the bridal party were proceeding to and from church, and also during the progress of the dinner and dance ; but the early morning of the next day was the time when the efforts of the operators reached a maximum, the object

being to awaken the newly married couple and to receive a bonus. Hogarth represents a "rough music" *reveillé*, as beat before the residence of Mr. Goodchild, who is meditating within himself the smallest sum that will put an end to the clatter, and scatter the crowd of street boys who are enjoying the fun. It was a mark of disrespect to the bride if she were not treated to an eye-opener of this kind from the butcher-boys of the neighbourhood. This class of artisans enjoyed an almost exclusive monopoly over the "marrow-bone-and-cleaver" department of music.

Although Bishop Coverdale inveighed against the "great noise of harpes, lutes, kyttles, basens, and drooms, wherewith they troubled the whole church, and hyndered them in matters pertayninge to God," he was not joined by all the clergy in this condemnation of the processional music.

"I knewe a priest (this is a true tale that I tell you, and no lye) whiche, when any of his parishioners should be maryed, would take his backe-pype, and go fetche theym to the church, playnge sweetelye afore them, and then would he laye his instrument hand-somely upon the aultare tyll he had maryed them, and sayd masse. Which thyng being done, he would gentillye bring them home agayne with backe-pype. Was not this priest a true ministrell, think ye ? For he did not counterfayt the ministrell, but was one in dede."

With respect to the early morning performance, opinions of many serious laymen were laid before the public. In the *Spectator* of April, 1712, the following letter appears :

"SIR, I was married on Sunday last, and went peaceably to bed ; but, to my surprise, was awakened the next morning by the thunder of a set of drums. These warlike sounds (methinks) are very improper in a marriage consort, and give great offence ; they seem to insinuate that the joys of this state are short, and that jars and discord soon ensue. I fear they have been ominous

to many matches, and sometimes proved a prelude to a battel in the honeymoon. A nod from you may hush them ; therefore, pray, Sir, let them be silenced, that for the future none but soft airs may usher in the morning of a bridal night, which will be a favour not only to those who come after, but to me, who can still subscribe myself,

"Your humble and most

"Obedient servant,

"ROBIN BRIDEGROOM."

In Gay's *Trivia* also, the false philosophy of the "hollow-trotter-and-heavy-knife" serenade is indignantly exposed :

"Here rows of drummers stand in martial file,
And with their vellum thunder shake the pile
To greet the new-made bride. Are sounds like
these

The proper prelude to a state of peace?"

Notwithstanding these protests, the "amalgamated duffers" for a long time kept up their noisy sonatas, meeting with the continued and hearty support of the street-arabs of the neighbourhood, in their attempts to give publicity to the domestic arrangements of their various customers. The charivari is still sometimes indulged in, when the unsuitableness of a marriage may have struck the roughs of a village ; but the glory of the Can-Can has departed, and peaceful slumbers are permitted to the neighbours of a wedded pair.

LUCKY SEASONS AND DAYS.

Before the Reformation there were only thirty-two weeks of the year in which people could be married, without a special license. "The Church forbade marriages to be celebrated between the first Sunday of Advent and Hilary day, between Septuagesima Sunday and Low Sunday, and between Rogation Sunday and Trinity Sunday."

In an old register at Cottenham these lines are found :

"Conjugium Adventus prohibet, Hilarique relaxat ;
Septuagena vetat, sed Paschæ octava remittit,
Rogamen vetitat, concedit Trina potestas."

The register of Beverley, 1641, says :

"When Advent comes do thou refrain,
Till Hillary set ye free again ;
Next Septuagesima saith thee nay,
But when Lowe Sunday comes thou may ;
But at Rogation thou must tarry,
Till Trinitie shall bid thee marry."

These ecclesiastical restrictions have now disappeared, and most of them are no longer perceptible in the customs of the present day. The most conspicuous instance of a disregard of these old prohibited seasons was lately furnished by the Royal Family, the Princess Louise having been married in the Lent of 1871.

As to the days of the week, Sunday was formerly the favourite one for the celebration of marriages. In the *Taming of the Shrew* Petruchio says :

"And kiss me, Kate, we will be married o' Sunday."

Baptista says :

"On Sunday next, you know,
My daughter Katherine is to be married."

We learn the same thing from a beautiful ballad, which was very popular in England during the reign of Elizabeth, the refrain of each verse being :

"I'm to be married o' Sunday."

After the Puritans had spread their Sabatarianism throughout the land, one of the ordinary days of the week had to be selected, and the general opinion with regard to each of these was expressed as follows :

"Monday for wealth,
Tuesday for health,
Wednesday the best day of all ;
Thursday for crosses,
Friday for losses,
Saturday no luck at all."

But these lines are of modern invention, and carry, therefore, very little weight even with the most superstitious. Sundays excepted, no day of the week, and no solemn season of the year, is now without its bridal rejoicings.

THE WEDDING-RING.

"The first inventor of the ring (as reported)," says Swinburne, "was one Prometheus; the workman who made it was Tubal Cain, of whom there is mention in the fourth chapter of Genesis, that he wrought cunningly in every craft of brass and iron; and Tubal Cain, by the counsel of our first parent Adam (as my author telleth me), gave it unto his son to this end, that therewith he should espouse a wife."

Notwithstanding the efforts made by the Puritans in the seventeenth century to banish the ring from the marriage service, it has maintained an almost universal hold on the minds of those about to perpetrate matrimony. Not long since a man in Munster made a considerable income by letting out gold rings to poor Irishmen, to be worn by their brides until the completion of the ceremony. The feeling of the Irishmen as to the essential character of this observance is shared in by many throughout the rural districts of England, who would be inclined to doubt the efficacy of a wedding solemnized without the assistance of "that tool of matrimony," as Butler terms it, or "the golden arrabo," as it is called by Swinburne.

Wedding-rings have been made of gold, silver, iron, steel, copper, brass, leather, and sedge. Except among the wealthy, gold was little used, and the "Sarum Manual" assumes that the material is silver. The rings used at Martin Luther's wedding were silver-gilt. The poor of England were often married with rings of iron, and sometimes even of sedge. Sometimes, when the ring provided for the occasion has been lost, and all things are waiting its discovery, curious substitutes have been contrived. At the clandestine marriage of the Duke of Hamilton the clergyman used a brass curtain-ring. The key of the church door has also been pressed into service, and a ring was once made of a piece of the bride's kid

glove, on an occasion when expedition was highly desirable.

In times when her wedding-ring was the only one a woman wore, it was unnecessary to make it of any particular distinguishing pattern. These rings were of every shape and weight, some being massive and highly ornamented, while others resembled the modern thread-like circle. When the custom of wearing several rings became common, it was decided to make them conspicuously small and plain.

In the days when massiveness was a feature of wedding-rings, verses of poesy and moral apothegms were generally inscribed on their inner surface. The Bishop of St. David's put upon his wife's ring the motto, "Bene parère, parère, parare det mihi Deus"—"God make me prolific, obedient, and sedulous." "Tibi Soli" was a punning motto for a woman of the name of Tabitha. The following are specimens of couplets on wedding-rings:—"Our contract was Heaven's act;" "In thee my choice, I do rejoice;" "I will be yours while breath endures;" "Despise not me, that joys in thee;"

"I did commit no act of folly,
When I married my sweet Molly."

Many allegorical and spiritual lessons were drawn by the seriously disposed from the matter and form of wedding-rings. It is a single object, signifying the oneness of the groom and bride. It has no end, resembling their love. Swinburne says that its roundness signifies "the round flowing of mutual love and hearty affection." Its exact fit shows that the parties should exactly fit each other in temper, taste and mental capacity. "Just as the fitting ring neither pinches nor slips from the finger, so fitting spouses neither nip nor avoid one another." Gold was said to typify the purity and refinement of the groom's affection. Silver, then considered the most sonorous metal, signified the sweet melody and harmony of wedded

life. Rings of iron taught "the continuance and perpetuity of the contract," and so on multifariously. Herrick wrote :

" And as this round
Is nowhere found
To flaw, or else to sever,
So may our love
As endless prove—
And pure as gold for ever."

THE RING FINGER.

We have already noticed the mode of procedure adopted by bridegrooms in placing the ring upon the fourth finger of the left hand. Though it was reached simultaneously with the concluding "Amen," a far weightier reason prevailed with many of our forefathers for selecting this finger to bear the matrimonial token. "The finger on which the ring is to be worn is the fourth finger of the left hand, next to the little finger ; because by the received opinion of the learned and experienced in ripping up and anatomizing men's bodies, there is a vein of blood which passeth from the fourth finger into the heart, called *vena amoris*, Love's vein ; and so the wearing of the ring on that finger signifieth that the love should not be vain or fained, but that as they did give hands each to the other, so likewise they should give hearts also, whereunto that vein extended."—Swinburne's *Treatise of Spousals*.

This idea seems to have arisen in Egypt as early as the second century. Appian, an Alexandrian historian, says that, in the opinion of the anatomists of Egypt, "a certain most delicate nerve" passed from the ring finger to the heart. But the staunchest upholder of this theory was Lævinus Lemnius, a celebrated sage of Zealand, who lived in the sixteenth century. In his medical practice he had often taken advantage of this connecting artery to restore fainting women to consciousness. "The small artery is stretched forth from the heart unto this finger, the motion whereof you may perceive

evidently in all that affects the heart in women, by the touch of your fore-finger. I used to raise such as are fallen into a swoon by pinching this joint, and by rubbing the ring of gold with a little saffron ; for, by this, a restoring force that is in it passeth to the heart, and refresheth the fountain of life, unto which this finger is joined. Wherefore antiquity thought fit to compass it about with gold."

He also states that this finger was termed "medicus," since, if any venom entered it, notice was given to the heart before it was too late to use an antidote. The gout, also, never afflicted this finger until the attack had assumed a fatal character. This he had observed in Gallia Belgica, the land *par excellence* of podagral sufferers, no Belgian, however long his experience of gout may have been, ever suffering in this finger till death was nigh at hand.

WEDDING-CAKE.

Brides formerly wore on their heads chaplets of wheat, a symbol of natural plentifulness, and, at the conclusion of the ceremony in church, corn was poured over their heads in accordance with the same idea. In the course of time thin cakes were substituted for corn, and these were eagerly picked up and eaten by the wedding guests. The next step in advance was the use of rectangular buns, richly made with sugar and fruit. These were furnished in large quantities by the bride's father, and many were also brought by the wedding guests.

"When," says Evelyn, "I was a little boy (before the Civil Wars) I have seen, according to the custom then, the bride and bridegroom kiss over the bride-cakes at the table. It was at the latter end of the dinner ; and the cakes were laid upon one another, like the picture of the shewbread in the old Bibles. The bridegroom waited at dinner."

But the piling up of the cakes soon led to another innovation, and the grand stroke in the development of wedding-cakes was

made by the French cooks of the Restoration era. They iced over the separate cakes with hardened sugar, and ornamented the covering with the usual array of Cupids. Since this achievement the wedding-cake has taken its place among the established institutions of England. For a long time it still continued to be broken over the head of the bride by the chief groomsman and bridesmaid—nay, so tenaciously has this custom been adhered to in many parts of the country, that “a monstrous, costly wedding-cake, fresh from Chester—the English capital for wedding confectionery—is even yet knocked and wrenched into fragments in a north-country yeoman’s parlour, over the head of a blushing lass.”

A properly composed wedding-cake exhibits in its stratification the “historical development” of this branch of confectionery. The paste, which divides the plum-work into sections, reminds us of the time when the mass consisted of separate cakes covered in this manner, and the rich composition of the interior is a comparatively coarse symbol of fruitfulness, which took the place of the corn that was used in more simple times.

WEDDING PRESENTS.

There was one occasion when pecuniary assistance might be offered to a man without the slightest fear of giving offence, and that was at his wedding. The proudest lords in feudal times demanded an aid in money from their vassals on the occasion of their daughters’ marriages, and it would of course be no disgrace to persons of humbler degree to accept voluntary gifts from their friends. The custom of handing round the collection plate at dinner was by no means confined to the very poor; but in the greater part of the country it was a regular custom, and generally aided materially in giving the young people a start in life. Not only were laces, jewels and plate contributed by their more wealthy friends, as is the custom at a

modern bridal, but hard cash, the object of which was unmistakable, was collected from the guests, and, in many cases, to a considerable amount. Among the poorer classes “Penny Weddings” were all that could be expected; but those in more comfortable circumstances received much larger donations from each of their friends, and shillings and guineas were freely given. It thus became to the interest of the principal parties not to be exclusive in the company they invited. Public “biddings” were frequently given to all those in the neighbourhood. This was sometimes done by a herald, sometimes by letters, and often by the local newspaper.

The word *bridal* is derived from “bride-ale,” an affair which was very similar to a modern charity bazaar. It was only at the weddings of the poorer classes that bride-ales were resorted to. The dinner was in a great measure provided by the friends of the bride and groom, and any one who paid the entrance fee was admitted to the repast and games. Large crowds were often drawn by the games and athletic contests that followed the dinner. As might be expected, these celebrations were sometimes attended with drunkenness and scenes of disorder, and ordinances of borough councils are still preserved which defined the amount of ale to be brewed for such an occasion, and forbade several games of an immoral character. As a specimen of the public notices given of bride-ales, we will take the following, which appeared in *Bell’s Weekly Messenger*:

“Matthew Dawson, in Bothwell, Cumberland, intends to be married at Hohur Church, on the Thursday before Whitsuntide next, whenever that may happen, and to return to Bothwell to dine. Mr. Reid gives a turkey to be roasted; Ed. Clemenston gives a fat lamb to be roasted: Joseph Gibson gives a fat calf to be roasted. And, in order that all this meat may be well basted, do you see Mary Pearson, Betty Hodgson, Mary Bushley, Molly Fisher, Sarah Briscoe,

and Betty Porthouse, give, each of them, a pound of butter. The advertiser will provide everything else for so festive an occasion. And he hereby gives notice to all young women desirous of changing his condition, that he is at present disengaged; and advises them to consider that, altho' there be luck in leisure, yet, in this case, delays are dangerous; for with him, he is determined it shall be first come first served."

FLEET MARRIAGES.

"Where lead my wandering footsteps now?—the Fleet

Presents her tattered sons in Luxury's cause;
Here venerable crape and scarlet cheeks,
With nose of purple hue, high, eminent,
And squinting, leering looks, now strike the eye.
B—s—p of Hell, once in the precincts called,
Renowned for making thoughtless contracts. Here
He reigned in bloated majesty,
And passed in sottishness and smoke his time.
Revered by gin's adorers and the tribe
Who pass in brawls, lewd jests, and drink, their days,
Sons of low-grovvelling riot and debauch.
Here cleric grave from Oxford ready stands,
Obsequious to conclude the Gordian knot,
Entwined beyond all dissolution sure;
A regular this from Cambridge; both alike
In artful stratagem to tie the noose,
While women 'Do you want the parson?' cry."

From the latter part of the seventeenth century until the passing of Lord Hardwicke's Marriage Act, in 1753, an immense number of clandestine and unecclesiastical marriages were solemnised under the shadow of the famous Fleet prison. Insolvent debtors, and those guilty of contempt of court, were banished to this retreat, and among the sufferers, especially on the former count, were numbered many unfortunate clergymen. Although the Church recognised no marriage as valid which was celebrated without banns or a license from the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Common Law of England was not so severe. The commonalty are generally well posted on all those points of law which are in their favour, and tend to exempt them from pains and penalties; and it soon became

widely known that, fulminate as his Highness might against these irregular transactions, the law recognised as valid any marriage solemnized by a priest in orders, and witnessed in a satisfactory manner.

Fleet prisoners of the better sort were seldom cooped up within the walls of the inclosure; but, in consideration of a payment made to the Warden, they were allowed to dwell within certain prescribed precincts, and to pay occasional visits to the scenes of their former greatness. It was no unusual thing to meet at a West End ball a man who, according to a legal fiction, was in *durance vile*, and Fleet clergymen soon found more profitable employment for their enforced leisure than in playing at skittles with their fellow-insolvents. Clandestine marriages were at first celebrated in the Fleet Chapel; but, after this was prohibited, chapels were extemporised in many of the taverns which were in convenient proximity to the prison. Sometimes the tavern-keeper had a regular parson in his pay, who was always in attendance to solemnize matrimony, his employer acting as clerk. At other times he only received a percentage of the parson's gains, and his regular fee as clerk; and some landlords were willing to give up a room for a chapel, in consideration of the increased traffic brought to their houses by these irregular proceedings.

Taverns and clergymen in the matrimonial line employed men and women as touters, who plied their avocation with the most shameless effrontery, and in many cases added to their other accomplishments that of pocket-picking. Woe to the young man and maiden who selected this district of the city for a friendly stroll. Their intentions were taken for granted by a dirty, wrangling, and brazen-faced crowd of clerical assistants. The most secret retreat and the lowest figure were paraded before them in noisy rivalry by most disreputable looking characters of both sexes, and the most forcible persuasions were often not sufficient to disperse a following which would disgrace the humblest organ-grinder.

It is not generally known how immense was the business done by the Fleet clergymen during the first half of the eighteenth century. There could not have been fewer than fifty at a time plying their matrimonial trade, ranging from the slovenly, red-nosed priest whose fee was half-a-crown, to the Bishop alluded to in the above cited poem, who would condescend to nothing under a guinea. The entries in one clergyman's note-book shew that he received in one month £57 12s. 9d., and this was no more than an average yield to a man of good standing. Fellows of the baser sort of course fared more hardly, and many of them were the most miserable specimens of Fleet prisoners.

The advertisements of some of the leading clergymen indicate the necessary qualifications for rising in the profession. Peter Symson informed the public that he acted by Royal authority, that he had been "educated at the University of Cambridge," and was "late Chaplain to the Earl of Rothes." John Mottram, who bore for his arms "S. a chev. Arg. charged with three roses between crozlets Or," married couples in a room "furnished with chairs, cushions, and proper conveniences." In a single year he married more than 2,200 couples. John Lando was "a regular bred clergyman," a "gentleman who was lately Chaplain on board one of His Majesty's men-of-war, and likewise has gloriously distinguished himself in defence of his king and country, and is above committing those little mean actions that some men impose on people, being determined to have everything conducted with the utmost decency and regularity, such as shall be always supported in law and equity." But Alexander Keith was the best known of the Fleet clergy, and his appeals to general sympathy and support were most touching. He had fallen from one of the most fashionable West-End churches, having been excommunicated for ecclesiastical insubordination, and banished to the Fleet for contempt of court.

He there entered upon a career of unprecedented brilliancy, but which closed most miserably. On the death of his wife he made known by advertisement "that her body had been embalmed and consigned to the care of an apothecary, at whose house it would remain until her inconsolable husband, on the triumph of religious liberty in England, should recover his freedom, and be able to follow her coffin to the grave." He at the same time stated that his fee for marrying was one guinea. When one of his sons died, the funeral procession halted from time to time, that the crowd might read a father's grievances and the priest's reasonable terms for solemnizing wedlock. When he was informed of Lord Hardwicke's Marriage Act, which put a stop to his vocation, he observed to a party of select friends, who were helping him to drink his costly wines, "So they will hinder my marrying. Well, let 'em, but I'll be revenged: I'll buy two or three acres of ground, and by —— I'll underbury them." But this scheme he never carried into execution. His end was as unfortunate as his previous course had been successful, and notwithstanding passionate appeals to an ungrateful public on the score of his former benevolence and opulence, Alexander Keith died in want and misery on the pauper side of the Fleet prison.

GRETNA-GREEN MATCHES.

A special clause in Lord Hardwicke's Marriage Act gave validity to irregular marriages celebrated in Scotland. Lawless lovers at once took advantage of this, and a hasty trip across the border was substituted for a visit to a Fleet chapel. Edinburgh for a short time was the scene of most of the runaway matches, and there the Canongate parsons sanctioned the clandestine unions. These personages, however, were seldom ordained ministers. Some discharged law-clerk or drunken lacquey now performed the role of the impecunious denizen of the Fleet. "The Canongate parson would act

as a guide to a party of tourists inspecting the lions of the capital, or for a few pence carry a message to the most remote part of the town. Sometimes he figured as an extra waiter at a public dinner." Having donned a dirty surplice, he officiated in some of the most aristocratic English marriages of the time. The prophet was not without honour save among his own people.

But expedition and cheapness soon directed lovers to a more convenient point, where equally disreputable parsons could be had for a guinea. The village of Gretna, in the south-east corner of Dumfriesshire, acquired a monopoly in the matter of fugitive marriages, and furnished a succession of officiators worthy of the cause. A cottager named Scott was the first of this string of couplers; but, owing to his comparatively respectable antecedents and character, very little more is known of him. George Gordon, a retired soldier, succeeded Scott, and professed to be licensed by Government at an annual sacrifice to himself of £50. His commission was never examined, but his occupation was lost on account of the superior qualifications of Joe Paisley, of the tobacco trade. This individual was chiefly distinguished for his eminently ecclesiastical demeanor, and for his immense capacity as regards brandy. While George Gordon officiated in complete military costume, consisting of a large cocked hat, red coat, high-top boots, and an enormous sword, "Joe Paisley's 'get up' was strictly clerical," comprising "a gown, cassock, bands, and a three-cornered hat that gave his comely face and form a most imposing appearance." When the old war-horse raved about his royal commission and £50 a year, Joe Paisley calmly called for another quart of brandy, and went to work at another quid of tobacco. The tavern-keepers of Gretna could never be callous to the claims of a man who, with

"Ned the Turner," had in the space of six secular days drunk a whole anker of cognac, and had appeared at Kirk on the seventh day in a clean shirt, and looking as if nothing had happened to him. He drank more brandy and chewed more tobacco than any other Scotchman, and finished a long and successful career in old age, at a weight of twenty-five stone.

On the death of this celebrity, David Laing, the retired pedler, reigned in his stead. His official uniform was an orthodox three-cornered hat, a black coat, black velvet waistcoat and breeches, and high-top boots. But he never attained to the height or weight of his illustrious predecessor, who, in his peculiar line, was never surpassed.

It was by such fellows as these that some of England's most highly descended sons and daughters were united in the bonds of holy matrimony. They blessed the fugitives who had come under their administration with priestly solemnity, commanded them to kiss each other in token of their tender feelings, and handed to them a dirty, mis-spelt certificate, which should be the only proof of their children's legitimacy. Railway enterprise bore a principal part in putting a stop to their vocation. The alarming facilities afforded to runaway matches by a speed of forty miles an hour, impressed the English mind with a due sense of the pressing need of reform, and the 19 & 20 Vict., c. 96, enacts that, "After the thirty-first day of December, one thousand eight hundred and fifty-six, no irregular marriage contracted in Scotland by declaration, acknowledgment, or ceremony, shall be valid unless one of the parties has at the date thereof his or her usual place of residence there, or has lived in Scotland for twenty-one days next preceding such marriage; any law, custom, or usage to the contrary notwithstanding."

CURRENT EVENTS.

THE House of Commons was a little disappointing in the choice of a Speaker. The name which occurred to most persons, in connection with the chair, was that of Mr. Holton. He has given unusual attention to the study of forms and procedure, and is well versed in parliamentary law and precedent. To these qualifications he adds long experience, a good presence, and as much impartiality as is commonly found in a party politician. His sole defect is an occasional—very rare—liability to a slight gust of temper; but as this defect was never brought out but in the heat of debate, there would have been no danger of its disturbing that equanimity which is among the first and most essential qualifications of the occupant of the Speaker's chair. Mr. Holton's position is one of which he alone seems to guard the secret. Why he is not a member of the Cabinet has never been explained; why he was passed over when the Speaker's chair required a new occupant is a question on which patent facts enable us to give conjecture something like character of certainty. Mr. Timothy Warren Anglin had been left out of the Government—such is the inconvenience of mortal cabinets being limited in point of space—and he had the great advantage in his favour of representing a Church with a grievance, on which prominent public men on his side of the House had bestowed some party patronage. Such a mine any person in Mr. Anglin's position, and skilful in the rhetoric art, could work to immense profit. Mr. Costigan was comparatively harmless; but Mr. Anglin, double-voiced, through tongue and press, became omnipotent when backed by the thunders of a Church whose ecclesiastics

made it a matter of conscience not to pay rates for the support of Common Schools, all godless as they paint them. It is not impossible that it was in the light of these facts that Mr. Anglin's qualifications for the Speakership were discovered. There is enough in them to prevent any surprise which the selection might otherwise have occasioned. Though the selection was evidently dictated by party necessity, we are not to assume that it will prove a very bad one. To start with, the best man of the ministerial party was evidently passed over; but so imperative are the exigencies of party, as things go under the actual system of patronage, that the instances are rare indeed in which the best man can be selected for any post. Mr. Holton has very handsomely brought his long experience and great parliamentary knowledge to the aid of the new Speaker, to whom he can render very valuable assistance. Mr. Anglin will learn the duties perhaps as readily as any one with his limited experience could; but the kind of knowledge requisite in the Speaker of the House of Commons cannot be rapidly acquired; its acquisition requires personal experience, extending over a considerable period of time, connected with the study of special cases which admit of something like classification and generalization. But there is a pre-requisite without which no man can ever become a good Speaker: a judicial tone of mind and a will inflexible in maintaining the right against the claims and the interests of party. We shall not do Mr. Anglin the injustice of denying him the possession of these qualities; though—and the same remark would apply to any strong partisan—their development had to be looked for after the appointment was made. The

circumstances in which the Speaker is placed determine the degree of strain to which the impartiality of his temper will be put. If he be certain of his ruling being always sustained by a ready majority, he will feel less amenable to the corrective influence afforded by a successful appeal against his ruling. The appeal may come from either side ; but an appeal coming from an Opposition counting not more than a fourth of the House would have little chance of success. A party with a large majority cannot often be put in a great strait by the adverse ruling of the Speaker, and, supposing him to sympathize with it, he is not under the same temptation to lean unduly towards a party in that position that he would be if it were so weak that a favourable ruling on a doubtful point would be a matter of great consequence. If the ministerial party had been less strong, the atmosphere in which the Speaker of its choice moves would have been more favourable to the cultivation of some of the qualities most essential to a satisfactory discharge of his duties. We can only hope that Mr. Anglin will rise above the adverse circumstances under which he took the chair of the House of Commons, and that, when he quits that exalted position, all parties will be equally able to declare their satisfaction with the justice and impartiality with which he has discharged the duties.

The House of Commons has ventured on a small measure of prohibition, affecting nobody but itself and extending only to the number of square feet contained in its own refreshment-room. The majority of the House responsible for the experiment of making robust the fibre of their own virtue by means of formal resolution, will probably not seriously resent the unwillingness of the Senate to concur in the wisdom of the act, and follow the example set with respect to its own refreshment-room. The virtue which only restrains one's self, and leaves others to their free volition, must be allowed to have reached the extreme of

heroic self-denial, and to be marked by unselfish generosity. Similar resolutions have before been come to by legislative bodies in this country ; but instead of being serious, like this, they had to be ranked among the most decided of shams. We live in an age when drunkenness has become the discreditable badge of the socially depraved, the vice having been quite banished from the higher circles. But if members of the House of Commons were themselves in no danger, the country owes them the more for the self-sacrifice to which they have subjected themselves that they might be pointed to by temperance lecturers as a great moral example in high places. If a House of Commons which had held a previous session had passed a like restrictive resolution, the act might have been thought to have originated in the necessity which abuse of social opportunities within the walls of Parliament afforded. No such conjecture can derogate from the merits of a House which showed itself capable of heroic self-sacrifice in the first days of the first session. Members exhausted by long vigils and longer speeches, who would not like to seem to profit by the stubbornness of the Senate, may possibly have strength left to reach the Club or even Russell's, where, for medicinal reasons, they may take a recuperative draught. But these will be only the weak and the infirm.

The expulsion of Riel, as was foreseen, was a question on which the Ministry divided. The examination of witnesses at the bar of the House, to establish the fact that Riel was a fugitive from justice, was conducted, and the motion for expulsion made, by a private member, Mr. Mackenzie Bowell. Attorney-General Clarke, of Manitoba, proved the issue of a warrant for the arrest of Riel on a charge of murder. Though he had taken the oath and signed the roll in a stealthy manner, in the Clerk's room, Riel failed to answer the summons of the House to appear in his place ; and the proceedings were necessarily conducted in his absence.

Unless the proceedings commenced to declare him an outlaw be completed before the election for Provencher comes off, he may safely count on re-election, to be followed by another expulsion. An earlier declaration of outlawry would have saved all this trouble and avoided some anomalous proceedings. Attorney-General Clarke asks us to believe that there was no judicial machinery by which the attainment of this object could have been hastened; that proceedings were commenced as soon as the Court in which they were taken was complete, and that only one step can be taken at a time. This throws us back, in search of the cause of the delay, upon the omission to complete at an earlier date the judicial machinery of Manitoba. Was it that the late Government wished to avoid anything being done to bring Riel or to trial, to pronounce him an outlaw?

The expulsion does not dispose of the question of amnesty, into which there was, at the time, a committee sitting to enquire. Mr. Holton took the ground that a motion for expulsion, pending the enquiry, was anomalous and unstatesmanlike. But the question of an amnesty relates to an oblivion of all offences connected with or arising out of the rebellion of 1869; while against the member for Provencher the evidence was clear that he was a fugitive from justice. The advocates of a general amnesty want it for the special benefit of Riel and Lepine. But there was really no reason why the expulsion of a member, charged with murder and evading a trial, should not take place while a committee was enquiring whether a general amnesty had been promised. From all that has hitherto been published on the subject, there does not appear to have been any express promise of an amnesty. Archbishop Taché, who has, in a pamphlet recently published, minutely detailed the part he took in the pacification of the Province, fails to show that any express promise was made. He appears to have inferred

from what was done and said that an amnesty would be granted; and it is evident that he acted upon that idea. How far did he make it the leverage for securing the object of his mission? If Riel and his associates who had taken possession of Fort Garry had, at his instance, evacuated it and laid down their arms, then the use he had made of a promise of an amnesty would have had to be taken into account. But Riel held possession of the Fort till he knew that he was on the point of being attacked by British troops and Canadian volunteers; and, after the time when what Bishop Taché puts as a constructive promise of amnesty was made, the murder of Scott took place. If the promise of an amnesty had been positive, it could not have been held to cover future offences, much less the crime of murder. There could be no objection to an amnesty, from which Riel and Lepine should be excluded; but it would be useless, since it would not secure the object for which the advocates of an amnesty desire it. Bishop Taché tells us, indeed, how much the country owes to the self-denying patriotism of Riel and his associates; of their refusal of offers of assistance from the United States to the amount of four millions of dollars. He is careful to tell us that this was not Fenian money. The information is quite unnecessary. The statement of this offer we do not doubt is made in good faith; but to accept it as correct requires an amount of credulity that not every one is blessed with. The men who welcomed O'Donohoe across the border would have refused nothing in the shape of men or money.

The final vote on the expulsion shows a parliamentary division coincident with the line that marks a separation of races and creeds. The rebellion itself had for its chief spur antagonism of race and religion. The end is as the beginning. We need not, however, be led despondingly to conclude from these facts that we are destined to have

the peace of the country troubled by the revival of the old hostilities of race which Lord Durham found in full vigour, and which he described with great force and copiousness of detail. The Métis sympathise with Riel, and would be quite ready to re-elect him in his absence, and all French Canada makes his cause their own. But they submit to the expulsion as a necessity of Parliamentary rule—unpleasant, but still a necessity.

When the Minister of Finance comes down with a proposal to add, at one stroke, one-sixth to the taxes of the country, he is bound to make out a strong case. Mr. Cartwright was so impressed with this necessity that he was tempted, in his budget speech, to make the picture of the financial situation a little too sombre. It is unrelieved by a single ray of light. He had to provide for a deficit of two millions, and he put on additional taxes estimated to yield three millions. Here the prudential side of his character comes out in strong relief. The financial outlook, when one attempts to peer into the future, is serious enough. But in the actual condition of the finances there is nothing alarming. The deficit is artificial, and with the same ordinary revenue expenditure it could have been prevented. An amount nearly half a million in excess of the deficit, expended on public works, was charged against revenue. It is merely a question of book-keeping; and Mr. Cartwright admits that part of the amount would have been fairly chargeable against capital. In a country where we have entered into obligations to carry on public works which will cost something like two hundred millions of dollars, it is the easiest thing in the world to create a deficit by charging some of these works to the revenue account. That error was committed by an inspector-general nearly twenty years ago, with the inevitable result: a deficit attended with financial embarrassment. That Minister took the pains to show that the cost of our public works, all taken together, represented an amount far

beyond the aggregate of the public debt. This comparison of figures had its advantage; for it showed that if we had a public debt we had something valuable to show for it. And we have more than full value to show for the present deficit. Whether a deficit of the character and amount which Mr. Cartwright had to make good would of itself have justified a large increase in the taxes is open to doubt. But the interest account is constantly being increased by new public works charged against capital, or in other words built with borrowed money, and to meet this charge an increase of revenue became necessary. The ordinary revenue is estimated at a little over twenty-four millions and a half for 1874-5, but the whole expenditure will be forty-two millions. The deficit of the current year is partly a matter of estimate, and it may be less than Mr. Cartwright assumes; but he cannot be so far wrong as some predict, when they assume that there will be no deficit at all.

Mr. Cartwright encourages the public to hope that the new taxes will suffice, without any further addition, "for a considerable time." That the distant financial horizon is obscured by a dark cloud is undeniable. To carry out all our obligations to the letter, including the time bargain with British Columbia to build the Pacific Railway, the Finance Minister tells Parliament it would be necessary to borrow not less than thirty millions a year for seven years; and when we had done so we should have piled up a mountain of debt, larger proportionately than that under which the United States found themselves staggering at the close of the civil war: larger by no less than one-third. He took another comparison, and said the magnitude of our debt, measured in interest—which is the true gauge—and the relative populations being taken into account, would exceed by one-third that of the colossal debt of England. These statements are startling enough; and Mr. Cartwright contends that they involve an impos-

sibility: that the Pacific Railway cannot be built in seven years. And here he is plainly in the right. This country could not borrow thirty millions a year, for seven years, on any but the most ruinous terms, if at all. On asking the first loan, the whole extent of the prospective obligations of the Province would have to be disclosed; and the first issue of securities would bring down the rate with a tumble. The amount stated by Mr. Cartwright assumes that there would be spent on the canals not less than 'twenty-five millions in seven years. The enlargement of the canals, it was agreed at the time of Confederation, was to take place as soon as the state of the finances would admit of its being done. When will this happy time come, as things go at present?

And if the Pacific Railway cannot be built in seven years, what becomes of the bargain made with British Columbia, and sometimes dignified by the name of a treaty? Mr. Cartwright adduces a fact to prove that there would be no breach of contract or of faith; that Parliament, with the consent of the delegates from British Columbia, passed a resolution that the road should not be a Government work, but should be built by a private company, aided by subsidies of land and money, and in a way not to increase taxes. The work cannot be built in that way. Does the obligation of the Government really extend no further? That is the question raised by the Minister of Finance. But he does not wish to shrink from the obligation of building the road, and only adduces the consent of British Columbia to its being built in a particular way, now proved to be impossible, as a plea for time. The Government will do what it can, but it will not rush headlong to financial ruin. A case for delay must be held to have been established, and British Columbia is interested, like the other Provinces, in having the country keep clear of financial quicksands. When the Pacific Railway question was before Parliament, in another shape, the ground

taken in these pages was that it was a false and dangerous policy to undertake to construct a road of this magnitude, as a whole, greatly in advance of its necessity; and the soundness of the position has now been established by the inexorable logic of facts.

The expenditure on railroads, which has been going on for some years, and of which it will be long before the end is reached, creates a double burthen on the revenue: the burthen of interest and the deficiency in the working expenses. At present, the Government railroads are worked at a loss of a million and a quarter of dollars a year; and the Minister of Finance pertinently enquires what, if this occurs in a comparatively settled country, are we to expect from a railroad running three thousand miles through the wilderness. If it be not possible for Government to work these roads more economically, would the stimulus of private interest bring any remedy? And if private companies could be found to assume their management and guarantee their operation, would it not be advisable to transfer them, even if some subsidy had at first to be given? There is probably not a railroad in the country owned by private companies that does not at least earn enough to cover working expenses. There have been some roads in this sorry plight, but they came to the hammer or were closed. Is it not possible to work the Government railroads in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick without loss? There seems to be room here for special enquiry. In England there are individuals—they cannot be called a party—who believe that sound policy would dictate the purchase of all the railroads by the State. Perhaps they might profitably turn their attention to this country for facts bearing on the question. From canals we manage to get some revenue, though not enough to pay interest on the cost of construction; but the Government railroads do not earn the oil to lubricate the wheels.

Fixed charges, from which there is no escape, press with increasing severity on the revenue from year to year. Including the subsidies to the Provinces and interest on the debt, they now amount to fifteen millions of dollars. The weight of the financial burthen falls on the large Provinces, notably Ontario. Manitoba, British Columbia, Prince Edward Island, all receive much more than they contribute: a condition of things which happily need not be regarded as permanent. The small Provinces are slow to tax themselves through any local machinery, while Ontario annually raises six millions in municipal taxes. Mr. Cartwright incidentally touched on a question which will some day force itself prominently on public attention. "I have always looked upon it," he said, "as a very objectionable principle to allow this House, the Local Legislatures, and the municipal bodies to have the power of imposing almost any amount of taxes they may severally see fit." If the time should ever come when two or three of these tax-levying machines should concurrently impose taxes of the same kind, the necessity of defining and restricting the powers of taxation which these different authorities may exercise would cause some regulation, possibly in the nature of a constitutional restriction, to be made. At present we are passing through a phase of railway expenditure, in the shape of aids and bonuses, which cannot be lasting, and which is almost certain to be succeeded by a reaction of more or less violence.

The new tariff can hardly be said to have any other object than revenue in view. If there be any departure from this rule, it is in the case of the sugar duties, which will give the refiner a monopoly at the expense of the consumer, rather than at the expense of the importer, as has been alleged. So far as specific are substituted for *ad valorem* duties, it is a step in the wrong direction. It is all very well to say, as Mr. Cartwright says, that the case is one in which theory is one way and the practice the other: that

is, that a duty proportioned to the value of the thing on which it is put, is, while theoretically right, practically wrong. If we are at liberty to abandon principles in this slipshod way, there is nothing which may not be given up. Nor do we care much for the practice of other countries; if they fail to adjust taxation to expenditure, while professing to make expedience their rule, they abandon one of the first requisites of all taxation: equality. It is doubly objectionable, besides being greatly confusing, when the customs duty is levied in one form and the excise duty in another. Sometimes both forms attach themselves to the same article. Who but a trader can tell what proportion there is between ten cents a pound excise duty on tobacco and snuff, and twelve and a half cents added to twenty-five cents a pound customs duty? To the theory that luxuries ought to be heavily taxed, some parts of the new tariff may be traced; but the theory is not carried out in practice. Wine, with some exceptions, is made to pay duty according to its strength—not according to its value. Strong wines, which derive their chief strength from the admixture of brandy not free from fusil oil, are always inferior, often highly deleterious. Cigars, of which the gamut of prices runs all the way from one to twenty, are all made to bear the same weight of tax, without any regard to the immense difference of value. It must be a doubtful luxury to be poisoned with cigars at a cent apiece; but the man who indulges them makes precisely the same contribution to the revenue as his wealthier neighbour who puffs the rich perfume of the Partaga. Mr. Cartwright has let beer alone, and in this he has done well. If any thing in the shape of duties or the removal of duties could lead to an increase in the consumption of beer at the expense of whiskey consumption, a great point would be gained. Till home-brewed ale becomes a common beverage in the country, there is much reason to fear

that whiskey will hold its place and continue to do its fatal work. And there is not the least sign of the commencement of the change. The duty on whiskey has closely approached, if it has not reached the point beyond which it is impossible to go without holding out a premium to the smuggler.

There must be considerable elasticity in the resources of a country that can bear to have its taxes increased sixteen per cent. in one night, as well as a facile aptitude to shoulder burthens among the people. The strain can probably be borne tolerably well. But if we are to go on increasing the public debt even half as fast as Mr. Cartwright says it would be necessary if the Pacific Railway were built in seven years, about five millions a year more will have been added to the interest account by the end of that time. There will probably be a million surplus at the end of the financial year 1874-5; and assuming, with the Minister of Finance, that there will be no great development of commerce and no great increase of customs' duties for the next three years, would it be unreasonable to expect an increase in the revenue in the next seven years of four millions of dollars? Mr. Cartwright assumes that it will not be necessary to increase the taxes again for a considerable time—a not very definite expression—if at all. This is the only hopeful expression that escaped him in the long budget speech; and it loses half its value from not being accompanied by the facts and estimates on which—if not a mere random statement—it must be presumed to rest. If the financial abyss we are approaching be as profound as Mr. Cartwright would have us believe, we ought to have been supplied with some estimate of the length of line that would be necessary to reach the bottom. He was not called upon to frame a seven years' budget; but we think he was bound to give some idea of the rate of expenditure out of borrowed money which the country will, in his judgment, be able to bear during that

time, or even during the longer period over which the construction of all the Public Works we are committed to will have to be spread. It is necessary to form something like a general plan of proceeding—rigid enough to retain its main features, and flexible enough to accommodate itself to unforeseen circumstances. No such plan is traced, even in the loosest way, in the budget speech. We are landed and left in the darkest gloom on the subject of the country's financial future, with only the expression of the belief that our present taxes will suffice for some time, possibly for all time. The whole question is, at what rate does the Minister of Finance think we can prudently increase the burthen of interest on capital to be borrowed for Public Works; how much can we safely borrow every year for the next seven years, and how much till all the great undertakings in hand are got rid of? Or is it contemplated to abandon any of them altogether? No very precise estimate, it may be, could be made; but whenever the Government appears as a borrower in the English market on account of so gigantic an undertaking as the Pacific Railway, a complete statement of the financial position of the country, including its obligations, present and prospective, as well as its resources, will have to be made. If it would not be prudent to attempt to borrow thirty millions a year—which is certain—what is the probable sum that will not exceed the limits of prudence, involve no impossibility, and threaten no financial catastrophe? We are told that forty-two millions are to be spent in the financial year 1874-5, of which a little more than twenty-four millions and a half will be chargeable against revenue, the balance against capital. But we are not told whether the latter sum is to form any measure for the expenditure of future years on Public Works; we have no explanation on that point, a full understanding of which is essential to anything like a clear comprehension of prospects rendered

nebulous by the absence of necessary explanation, and gloomy by a strongly charged statement of difficulties, which contains only too much truth, but does not, perhaps, contain the whole truth. This want of definiteness—for we do not think it want of grasp—is a serious defect in Mr. Cartwright's otherwise able and clear, if a little too discouraging, financial exposition.

While the Election Bill introduced by the Minister of Justice will effect many salutary changes, some of its provisions are open to criticism. Against the provision that the polling shall, as far as practicable, be simultaneous, there is nothing to be said; it will deprive the executive of the power of greatly influencing the elections by producing the impression on waverers, which often proves false, as to which is the winning side. The obligation to direct the writs to sheriffs and registrars, though not a new provision, deprives the executive of the means of influencing the returning officers. It was pointed out as an anomaly that these officers receive their appointments from the local Governments; but this is only saying they are in no way under the influence of the Federal authority. The abolition of the present mode of nomination, at which the different candidates can tell their story in presence of one another, under the guarantees for the preservation of the peace which the returning officer is able to afford, is a doubtful good. The old law does not seem to confer on the candidates any special rights of addressing the electors—it is one of those practices which have grown up without the aid of an Act of Parliament—and it will be very difficult for the new law to suppress it. There is still to be a nomination in a new form: a paper containing the names of the candidates, signed by a number of electors, is to be handed to the returning officer, by whom, after two hours, the proceedings may be closed. For anything there was in the old law, they might have been closed after all the nominations had been made; and the

same right of making speeches, unless it be forbidden in direct terms, will continue to exist as heretofore. It would be going far to enact that on the principal occasion on which candidates and electors come together—for interest and curiosity will still bring them together—that their right of speech shall be denied. The formality of the customary nomination is not, we submit, attended with a degree of danger that calls for its suppression. Ward meetings do not afford the same opportunities for hearing both sides. They are not under the control of the returning officer, and they offer fewer guarantees for peace and fair play; when the different candidates meet together, there is less chance that they will all get a fair hearing. Practically, the nomination affords the only opportunity where both sides are at all certain to get an opportunity of putting their views before the electors. The abolition of the property qualification ought to meet general approval. The requirement had nothing to recommend it, while an election might come on in the absence from the country of an intending candidate, and it might be impossible for him to forward a declaration of qualification in the time required. In the adoption of all the varying qualifications of electors created by the laws of the several Provinces, with all their different scales, there is certainly something anomalous. The argument in favour of it is that it will save the expense of specially preparing a voters' list. Taking an average of years, these lists, estimated at a cost of \$60,000 a year, would about double the expense of the elections. If the objection of expense can be got over, an uniform suffrage ought by all means to be adopted.

In adopting the ballot, the Government has done so in the most unreserved manner, by providing for absolute secrecy. In England and in Ontario secrecy is not carried so far as to bar a scrutiny of votes. The secrecy ends as soon as it may please

some elector or candidate to lift the veil and expose the mysteries of the ballot-box ; for in rare instances only would it be difficult to find grounds on which to demand a scrutiny. If the ballot be adopted at all, on the ground that it is necessary for the protection of individual voters, it would be offering them a false security, and leading them into a snare to place it in the power of any one to reveal the secret. No doubt the intelligent voter would soon learn that the secrecy was far from being absolute, and that the mystery of his vote might, in given circumstances, be revealed. Practically, there will not be many cases of scrutiny ; but it would be impossible to know beforehand whether there was going to be one or not. Where scrutiny is impossible personation will thrive under the immunity it will enjoy. It would be possible to provide for a partial scrutiny, to be conducted by the returning officer, for the purpose of discovering cases of personation. Whether a man personates the absent or the dead, or the living and the present, he ought not to escape punishment. Ballot-box stuffing, which has become one of the fine arts of crime in some countries, will be nearly or altogether impossible under this bill. The ballot is to be signed and dropped into the box in presence of the deputy-returning officer ; and whenever more than one ballot is found in a single envelope none of them are to be counted.

A change in the constitution of the Senate has already risen to the level of a Parliamentary question. On motion of Mr. Mills to go into Committee, the House of Commons entertained the question, and in the opinion of Mr. Holton, committed itself to the principle of the proposed reform. But the House will not likely agree with Mr. Holton. The chief object is, of course, to abolish Crown nomination. The plan of Mr. Mills is to vest the election of Senators in the State Legislatures, in which he follows the rule of the United States. But when he

comes to apportion the representation of Senators to the several Provinces he departs from the principle of equal representation, on which the United States is founded, and gives six times as many representatives to the largest as to the smallest Provinces. On one side he is met by the objection that he gives Ontario too little, and on the other that the Provincial rights of Quebec would be jeopardized by the recognition of the rule of numerical representation in the Senate. If the present proportions of Province representation were retained, though the whole number of Senators were greatly reduced, no objection could fairly be made, and if any were offered it would become evident that the object was to defend Crown nomination indirectly by making difficulties out of what the critics do not now object to. The chief point gained by the introduction of Mr. Mills' resolutions will be that the attention of Parliament and the public has been called to a formal and detailed plan for changing the constitution of the Senate. There is something for discussion. The first question would properly be whether the bicameral form of Legislature should continue to exist, or whether the experiment made in Ontario was furnished, or is likely to furnish, sufficient reasons for substituting the unicameral form. Whatever be the nature of the change made, it is difficult to believe that the executive Government, acting in the name of the Queen, can long continue to exercise the right of appointing one branch of the Legislature. If the Crown selected for the Senate men like Sir Garnet Wolesley, who have rendered great services to the State, the hope of obtaining senatorial honours might act as a spur to great achievements, though the appointments themselves would seldom be the best. That a soldier acquits himself well in the field affords no presumption that he has made any vain attempt to master the problems with which statesmen are called upon to deal. The presumption must always be

the other way, where the whole faculties have been absorbed in another pursuit, or left to rust in inaction. Crown nomination cannot give the country the best men for Senators; for party expediency will preside over the appointments. And in failing to procure the best men, Crown nomination loses the plausible defence that could be offered for it.

A crisis has arrived in the history of the paper money of the United States. The whole country is divided into two hostile camps, known as Inflationists and anti-Inflationists. In Congress, the party of inflation carried their point after a severe contest. They carried a Bill fixing the amount of United States currency at four hundred millions of dollars, of which the effect was to authorize the executive to keep in circulation forty millions hitherto held in ordinary times as a reserve, and only issued to relieve the pressure of the late monetary crisis. Besides this, the Bill authorized the issue of an addition of forty-six millions to the existing bank circulation. When the battle in Congress was over, the powerful opposition which the measure had created in all the great commercial centres appealed to the President to interpose with his veto. The White House was besieged with deputations, before whom the President showed great reticence. Some of them conceived that an affront had been put upon them in the reception they met. Would the President sign the Bill, was the question asked, on all sides, for several days. The prevailing impression, which had almost settled into a conviction, carrying gloom to the best part of the population and joy to the speculators, when President Grant put an end to conjecture by vetoing the Bill. This act of the President, unless overruled by a two-third vote in Congress, will save the nation from the fatal consequences which have invariably followed an excessive issue of paper cur-

rency in every country. He rightly looks upon a return to specie payment as an object to be kept steadily in view; and he recommends Congress to increase the revenue as a step in that direction. Behind the Inflation Bill stood the ghastly spectre of repudiation. Butler and Morton long since proposed to depreciate the paper money by excessive issues, and then rob the national creditors by compelling them to take their pay in the depreciated and non-redeemable currency. From the fact that Butler was among the foremost advocates of the vetoed Bill, and other circumstances, such as his obtrusion on an interview which a deputation opposed to the measure was holding with the President, there is reason to believe that the Senator has not abandoned his old scheme of repudiation.

The statements which came by cable, and represented Mr. Gladstone as having temporarily relinquished the leadership of the Liberal party, prove to have been inaccurate. He consented to continue at the head of his party during the present session, without undertaking to be constant in his attendance in the House of Commons. It has already happened that he was absent on a very important occasion: the debate on the income tax. The policy of repeal had to be discussed in the absence of the statesman responsible for proposing it, and most capable of making his defence successful. Similar occurrences may be expected till Mr. Gladstone has had time to recover from the effects of over-work; and the inconvenience, whatever it is, must be borne with, for he is admitted to be the only man who can lead a united party. Fits of languor or despondency have often made statesmen desirous, for the moment, of retiring; and even if, indulging this disposition, they pass for a while from the thick of the fight, the inaction to which they condemned themselves generally soon becomes irksome, and they wish to return to the

scene of their former struggles, with their chances of triumph and defeat. Mr. Gladstone may have been passing through this state of mind. Final retirement on account of the infirmities of advancing age can hardly have occurred to him ; for though it is not given to all statesmen to do duty till they reach the age of Palmerston or Thiers, there must be many more years of work in Mr. Gladstone. The current of a man's ambition may change ; but it would be strange if Mr. Gladstone did not continue to find in statesmanship his greatest attraction. If he were convinced that the Conservatives would obtain a firm hold on office, for a period that would outrun the probable activities of his own life, he might not care to spend the rest of his days in an up-hill contest. But to take that view of the situation would imply a despondent condition of mind, which is precisely one to which enfeebled state of body often contributes. After the session is over, Mr. Gladstone may determine to continue the leadership in a more definite way ; and should he do so, no competitor would try to take it from him. The conviction that he is the only man who can keep the Liberal party intact, must have considerable weight in determining his future course.

Mr. Gladstone has been the object of a coarse attack from Mr. Smollet, fitly seconded by Mr. Whalley. The object was to get the House of Commons to censure the suddenness of the late dissolution. The surprise was distasteful alike to friends and foes, but there would have been neither sense nor generosity in censuring the fallen chief ; and if the House had been inclined to do so, Mr. Whalley and his seconder so greatly overdid their part, that they would have turned it from its purpose.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* expresses the opinion that the Established Church of England, which has rendered great services to the Conservative party, "may reasonably look to them for relief from some of the dis-

orders which undoubtedly threaten it with disruption and ultimate extinction." The danger to which the Conservative writer points does not come from the Dissenters and their demands to be allowed, when they bury their dead within the church-yard, to use a service of their own ; it does not lie in the fact that three parties—High Church, Low Church and Broad Church—may each teach different doctrines. This, we are told is strictly legal, but that "it is distinctly not the law, though it is fast becoming the practice, that each of these parties may signify its doctrines by such acts, ceremonies and gestures as it chooses." The violation of the law, here described as becoming general, is represented as enuring exclusively to the benefit of the Ritualists : "They alone can teach through dress, attitude and gesture, since they alone can borrow from the Roman Catholics that vast apparatus of symbolism which is the accumulation of many centuries, during which the Church addressed itself much more to the eye than to the ear." The advantage which the High Church party are getting, through violation of the law, is described as the rock on which the Established Church is splitting. The law and public opinion are said to coincide ; and the conclusion of the writer is, that "nothing is needed but the means of enforcing the law." All this may be true, and still the proposed remedy might not be a safe one : it might and almost certainly would lead to the very disruption it was intended to avert. To the existing law it is admitted some civil penalties would have to be added ; and they would, without being exactly criminal penalties, have to be strong enough to be effectual. Whether the suggestion be put out as a feeler on behalf of the Conservative Government, or whether it be merely intended as an incitement to the legislation recommended, it shows the danger of disruption to be not unreal. The Ritualists have often hinted at secession in the event of their being interfered with ; and if it were a ques-

tion of submitting to civil penalties for doing what they allege they have a right to do, they would probably try to make good their threat. Could they, in doing so, find any standing ground this side of Rome?

If further legislation can do anything to put the relations of employer and employed on a better footing, it is satisfactory to know that it will not be delayed by the appointment of a new Royal Commission. Mr. Thomas Hughes, one of the present as well of a previous Commission, has stated on the authority of the Home Secretary that a Bill will be introduced this session, dealing with the subjects into which enquiry is now being made. The Commissioners will have to do their business with expedition; and it is not probable that much new information will be elicited. Not only were the facts all exhausted by a previous Commission of recent date, but almost every possible view of the questions to be dealt with was taken by the Commissioners, in three separate reports. Strikes in the coal and iron districts have begun again and threaten to extend. When the price of iron and coal became abnormally high two years ago, the wages of colliers and iron-workers went up in some sort of proportion; now, with a fall in price, these workmen are, in some places, submitting to a reduction of wages and in others resorting to strikes to maintain the old rates. Coal and iron both went up to nearly or quite double their usual prices; and now, when prices are falling to their ordinary level, it is difficult to believe that the wages which followed the upward tendency of these staples will not also follow its downward movement. The iron-workers of Lancashire have already submitted to a reduction of ten per cent., without trying to prevent it by a strike; the colliers, threatened with a reduction of fifteen per cent., are not willing to submit without a struggle. In these two branches of industry, the workmen, whether they strike or not, must ultimately submit to see their

wages brought down till they bear some more regular proportion to the present prices of iron and coal.

Sir Stafford Northcote, the new Chancellor of the Exchequer, has produced a budget which met the commendation of Mr. Lowe. Instead of going the full length of repealing the income tax, as Mr. Gladstone had proposed, he contents himself with reducing it a penny in the pound. With the balance of the surplus he is able to abolish the sugar duties and horse licenses. He has besides a plan for reducing the national debt at the rate of seven millions in ten years. This is one of the promises of which something may occur to prevent the fulfilment. No Chancellor of the Exchequer can see ten years into the future; some extraordinary strain upon the finances may upset all his plans before half that time has elapsed. The retention of the reduced income-tax is made a means of abolishing the sugar duties. The income-tax is treated as preferable to the sugar duties. By using it as a leverage, the Chancellor of the Exchequer hopes to make some reduction of the national debt. All this implies the continuance of the income-tax for ten years; it is not treated as a war tax, but as a means of reducing the burdens which war has left behind. But if England should find herself engaged in a war, and it were necessary to raise additional revenue to the amount of something like thirty millions a year, the promised reduction of the debt would prove illusory. If it were possible to make a ten years' budget and to be certain that nothing would occur to upset its calculations, there need be no misgivings about the realization of this promise. The reduction of the national debt is an object deserving more attention than it has received, and Sir Stafford Northcote will deserve credit if he be able to accomplish what he has undertaken.

Two of England's worthies have received rewards appropriate to each. The ashes of Livingstone, whose name is indissolubly

connected with African discovery, rest in Westminster Abbey; and Sir Garnet Wolseley has received a baronetcy and a grant of £25,000 for his service in taking Coomassie. A dinner given to him at the Mansion House by the Lord Mayor was attended by the Prince and Princess of Wales. The little band of victorious troops were reviewed by the Queen in Hyde Park. These honours were well deserved; but it does seem as if Capt. Glover, who, not less than Sir Garnet, reached Coomassie, by a different route and with the aid of negro troops, has been kept a little too much in the background. The treaty with King Koffee may answer the purpose of giving security to the allies of England on the Gold Coast, but we are already told, on the highest authority, that the whole of the stipulated indemnity will not be paid, and that sacrifices will not be put an end to. This latter announcement detracts largely from the satisfaction with which the treaty was received not only in England but throughout the civilized world.

If the Duc de Broglie held a brief against the Septennat he could not be more zealous in his attempts to make it odious than, all unconscious of the fact, he is at present. The proposed electoral law, as reported by the Committee of Thirty, would reduce the electors by a number which nobody estimates at less than three millions. It assumes that a man does not arrive at the period of discretion before which it would be unsafe for him to be entrusted with the electoral franchise till he has reached the twenty-fifth year of his age, and that no one is fit to perform the duties of legislation till thirty winters and thirty summers have passed over his head. The requirement of a previous residence of a definite period in a department would disfranchise large numbers. The heaviest blow is aimed at the younger voters, who are naturally the most active citizens. They had the right to vote

under the Empire, and they have so far had a right to vote under the provisional Republic. If the Septennat deprives them of that right, they will naturally make comparisons not favourable to its authority. Marshal McMahon is at the head of what is still called a Republic; but he is there, and his chief minister De Broglie is where he is, avowedly in the interests of reaction—of the impossible Henri Cinq first, and second of whatever scion of either branch of the House of Orleans may happen to stand next in order. The peasantry would not make the mistake of laying the deprivation of their rights at the door of the Republic, though the act were done in its name. De Broglie does not in the least disguise his aims; and his frankness and sincerity are the two qualities that deserve respect. The Septennat will have time to dig its own grave, on which it is very intent, and the purpose it will have served will be to have prepared the way for the strongest candidate for the throne, whoever he may be, unless a definite Republic be possible. As Henry Cinq would consent to wear the crown of France only on conditions which France will not accept, he is, unless one or the other change, out of the question. If the competition should be reduced to a duello between a representative of the Bonapartes and Louis Philippe, the superior activity of the former would go far towards winning, provided the candidate were not Prince Napoleon.

De Broglie, in his plan for a new Second Chamber, does not venture, eager though he is for a return of the Bourbons, upon anything so reactionary as our Crown-nominated Senate. Of three hundred members he proposes that a majority should be directly elected by departments; and that to these the Government should add by appointment persons distinguished for the positions they have attained or the deeds they have done. Great as is the repressive influence De Broglie is exerting on the country, he thinks it prudent to provide that the nominees of

the Government should never be numerous enough to outvote the members who would owe their seats to popular election. Must it be said that the Duc de Broglie can teach Canada a lesson of liberality?

Prince Bismarck has won a signal victory over the German Parliament. He has taken means of giving a permanent character to a large standing army; new at least in a country under parliamentary rule. The Military Bill was not opposed so much because it was thought that four hundred thousand formed too large an army for a time of peace, but because the vote for the military expenditure was to be made permanent; to assume when once taken, the character of a fixed charge for all future time: a lump sum forever taken out of the control of Parliament. It was this extraordinary feature of the Bill that excited the chief opposition, and made its passing, for some time, a matter of doubt. According to some accounts of interviews with the sick Prince—though the reports were not always accurately made—he threatened to resign if the measure were thrown out. The Emperor and Von Moltke were equally eager for the passage of the Bill, which was finally secured by a majority of seventy-eight. It is not easy to see how a vote of this kind, not involving any compact with any foreign power, can be made permanent; how and by what right the Parliament of to-day can

bind all future Parliaments and take from them the right of saying what, under very different circumstances, shall be the amount of the annual military expenditure in time of peace. In spite of what has been decided now, some future Parliament will be certain to make known its will on the subject, and a question that was thought to be permanently settled will be found not to have been settled at all. The maintenance of a colossal army in one country of Europe inflicts on other and neighbouring countries the cost of keeping up corresponding forces to act as a counterpoise. If the relative military forces of all were on a lower scale and the reserve of latent power larger, an immense gain would have been made.

The civil laws relating to ecclesiastics are being rigorously enforced. The Archbishop of Posen, convicted of contumacy, has been deprived of his See, without appeal.

The battle that is to decide the fate of Spain has not yet taken place. The Government is feeble, but it will prove an overmatch for the Carlists, from whom a demand for an amnesty is reported to have come. If the Carlists were willing to surrender, there would be no hesitation to grant them an amnesty. Meanwhile, Castelar declares for a Federal Republic: a concession to the Intransigentes which comes after their power has been completely broken.

SELECTIONS.

THE CATS OF ANTIQUITY.

(From the Atlantic Monthly.)

CATS!

"I hate cats."

"Do you? I adore them."

"You are an oddity."

"And so are you."

The human race may be divided into people who hate cats and people who adore them; the neutrals being few in number, and for intellectual and moral reasons not worth considering. Such at least we may suppose to be the view of those grimalkin rabbis who hold that the earth and man were created for cats.

This division takes place early in life. Even in short clothes one boy will stone the sweetest kitten, while another will coddle the rustiest and crustiest tommy. A Hindoo might suggest the explanation, that in some previous state of existence the first urchin had been a dog, and the second a cat; but not having been born in India, I feel at liberty to reject the doctrine of the transmigration of souls; I am quite as much inclined to attribute this diversity to predestination. I mean, of course, a predestination arising from some innate peculiarity of the sensibilities.

The distinction in question not only comes early in life, but it comes for good. I never knew a cat-hater to be converted from the error of his ways in mature years; nor did I ever know a cat-fancier who was permitted to fall from his beautiful faith. But here a moral discrimination must be made: there are those who pet pussy to please themselves; there are others who pet him to give him a pleasure. The true cat-lover is he whose object is, not to feel the soft fur or to watch the diverting gambols, but to make the animal happy.

It must be admitted, however, that circumstances have nothing to do with the development of these contrary instincts. Old maids and old bachelors especially are quite settled in their minds as to whether they hate or love

cats. Why is it that celibacy leads to such an interest in the feline race, and will not accept of neutrality? Because the feline race is pettable; because it makes a strong claim to be taken to your bosom; you must either welcome it warmly or repulse it vigorously. And the celibate, particularly if of the female gender, is by necessity a person who either needs a pet or who has learned to war with pets. The old maid identifies her cat with some lost man, and worships him; or she identifies your cat with some faithless man, and abhors him. No neutrality for her; a beating heart goes into the matter; she must love or she must detest.

The select natures who adore cats will hereafter honour the name of Champfleury. With the taste and sensibility of a humane soul, and in that crystalline prose which every Frenchman writes as soon as he is born, Champfleury has composed a charming volume of three hundred and fifty pages on the history, habits, and character of cats. The book is published in Paris by J. Rothschild (not the Jewish banker), and the triumphant fourth edition bears the date of 1870. I shall draw on it largely for facts, and shall venture to add a few of my own.

Authorities differ as to the date, cause, and manner of the creation of the species *cattus*. The Greek mythologists assert that Apollo having made a lion to frighten his hunting sister Diana, the latter, by way of satirizing his monster, made a grimalkin. But the Greeks being polytheists and addicted to fables, I place small faith in their declarations, especially on so grave a subject. I prefer to listen to the Arabs, who, as a sister people of the Jews, ought to have traditions of the creation which one can "tie to," and who, as the authors of the Thousand and One Nights, have earned a title to our confidence. The fact then appears to be that after Noah had entered into

the ark, his family represented to him that the mice would devour their provisions; whereupon the patriarch addressed a prayer on the subject to Allah, who in response caused the lion to sneeze a full-grown cat from his nostrils; the result being that the mice were not only kept in order during the Deluge, but were impressed with that timidity which has made them lurk in holes ever since. Such is the narrative of Damirei, an Arab naturalist, who, in the eighth century of the Hegira, wrote a history of animals under the title of *Haout el Haiawana*. I will simply remark concerning his statement, that I have never seen it contradicted.

It should inspire our youthful nation with an immense respect for cats, to learn that they have been known in history as domesticated animals for 3558 years. Just 1688 years before the Christian era, 1071 years before the birth of Pharaoh Necho, who overthrew Josiah king of the Jews, 935 years before the birth of Romulus, and 88 years (according to Josephus) before the flight of the Jews into the desert, cats first appeared on the Egyptian monuments.

What species? Ehrenberg, who examined various cat mummies, says that they resemble a kind still extant in Abyssinia, both in the domesticated and savage state. De Blainville thinks he has proved that the Egyptians had three varieties, and that they all exist still in Africa, both wild and tame. But when we compare cat habits in the time of the pyramids with cat habits in the era of steam navigation, we are puzzled by the difference. Our nineteenth century grimalkin has no taste for hunting in marshes, and swimming back with a booty of dead ducks to his master. Clever as the Egyptians were in getting day's works out of Hebrews, I don't believe they could have got any such day's works out of water-hating felines. A larger and wilder breed it must have been; a breed still retaining much of the strength and the hunting furor of a state of nature; something approaching nearer to a wild-cat than to what we understand by a tame one.

However, a cat of some kind this animal was; we have statues and medals and pictures showing his form; we have his mummies and his mummy cases, all catlike; and finally the

Egyptians called him Maou. Clearly enough the beast spoke the same language then that he speaks at present. Clearly enough, also, he named himself. "Maou." Very considerate of the Egyptians to give him his own cry for a cognomen. Perhaps the fact indicates that their language was still in a child-like state, and not very well furnished with words or even with sounds. Possibly also it shows that the animal was known to and named by them long before they were civilized enough and artistic enough to paint and carve his form upon their monuments and medals. If this suggestion seem reasonable we may give his domestication a higher antiquity than 3558 years.

Well, here we have Maou in old Egypt; under the best of discipline, like everything else in old Egypt; going out hunting in boats with his master; adequate to swimming and to fetching game; a helpful actor in a new civilization; worthy of showing on monuments. One mural picture represents him seizing a large bird with his teeth, a smaller one with his fore paws, and a still smaller one with his hind paws, with the obvious intent of bringing all three to an Egyptian in a boat. Another exhibits him in a boat, raising himself up against the knees of his master, while the latter is about to throw the curved *schbot*, or boomerang, at some quarry. Paintings of this character, proving that the cat had been trained as a retriever, date mostly from the XVIIIth and XIXth dynasties, 1638 and 1640 years before our era.

But Maou was also a member of the family circle. In some pictures we discover him under the chair of the mistress of the house, the fellow-pet of dogs and monkeys, no doubt already a good purrer. A certain King Hana, who appears to have reigned as far back as the XIth dynasty, has been obliging enough to leave us his statue in the necropolis of Thebes, and, between his feet, the image of his cat Bouhaki. Many little bronze or terra-cotta figures represent pussies decorated with ear-rings and broad collars, the ear-rings glorious with jewellery in gold, and collars showing the staring eye which symbolized the sun. As sun-worship is rationally supposed to be the oldest of all human inventions in religion, here, in this glaring eye, we have another squint at vast antiquity.

In fact, Maou had already made his way into the circle of Egyptian devotions. The goddess Pasht or Bast or Bubastis generally wears the head of a cat, and in her temple cats were kept as sacred animals. Egyptian ladies, who made the worship of Bubastis their special orthodoxy, have signified the fact by leaving funeral statues bearing the inscription Techau, a word signifying *tabby*. By the way, Techau, if pronounced in my fashion, which is of course the correct one, gives a very fair idea of the *spit* of a suspicious pussy. Another instance of the consideration of the Egyptians for the understanding of cats. Maou and Techau! Of course the cats could comprehend who was referred to.

What part Maou and Techau played in the worship of Bubastis we cannot say; perhaps their main duty was to catch the profane vermin which defiled the temple; probably their reward was to help the priests finish the sacrifices. Three tables—first the goddess; then the holy men; then the holy beasts. By the time that these last had done their part, it is likely that the temple mice had cause to be as poor as our own proverbial church mice.

After Maou had accomplished his pious labours in this life, he was prepared for the cat resurrection by embalming, and was safely stored in an honourable tomb. He did not make a handsome corpse; even the paint which was sometimes daubed on his preserved face has not rendered him lovely; you feel as little desire to pet him as to kiss the mummy of Pharaoh's daughter. Long, narrow, and meagre, wrapped close to the neck in curiously plaited straw, his head alone is exposed, and is too obviously a skeleton caput, its once sleek fur changed to an ugly parchment. The entire "conserve" looks rather like an oblong bundle than like an animal. The cases, on the contrary, exhibit the feline shape, rudely curved and archaic, but not unlike life.

It is probable that Maou had the honour of being embalmed only when he was attached to a temple. Herodotus tells us that in general dead cats were carried to sacred buildings, salted, and then buried in the holy city of Bubastis, the seat of the goddess Bast. From this it would appear that all grimalkins were held to be more or less worshipful.

And yet, if we may confide in the confiding

old Greek, Maou had some eccentricities which ought to have shaken the faith of his admirers. For instance, he was in the habit of assassinating his offspring, and this for no better reason than that he wanted the exclusive attention of his wife. For a wife he had; the Egyptians, in their benevolence, were cat match-makers; to every tom they assigned a suitably tabby, having a due regard to character and appearance. Another of Maou's freaks was suicide, and that by fire, indicating perhaps a reaction against his aquatic education. In case of a conflagration the Egyptians were less anxious to save their property than their cats, gathering in a crowd about the burning building, for the purpose of keeping the animals at a distance. Meanwhile Maou, possessed with a frenzy, squeezed between the friendly legs or jumped over the adoring heads, and so frequently made a way to his funeral pyre.

"Whenever this happens," says Herodotus, with his alluring good faith, "it diffuses universal sorrow. Also, in whatever family a cat dies, every individual cuts off his eyebrows."

But no absurdity could quell the Egyptian's devotion to Maou. Diodorus Siculus relates that a Roman having accidentally killed a cat, the common people of Egypt attacked his house in a fury, and in spite of the king's guards and the majesty of the Roman name, put the unlucky fellow to death. It is only fair to add that all domestic animals, and some which could hardly have been domesticated, were worshipped in the land of the pyramids. The ibis was always buried in Hermopolis; the shrewmice and the hawks in Buto. It has been suggested that the priests promulgated the sacredness of such animals as were useful to man, in order to save them from useless slaughter, increase their numbers, and thus aid the progress of civilization. But how does this explain a reverence for hawks, mice and crocodiles? We must allow some force here to pantheism; to the idea that the creator reappears in his creatures.

On the whole, Maou puzzles me not a little. If his resurrection should come in my day, I should find him a very interesting study, but I should hardly know how to treat him. In his tastes for swimming, for following up the cast of a boomerang, for bringing game to his master instead of eating it himself, for destroy-

ing his kittens, and for committing suicide, I fail to recognize the cat of the nineteenth century. Probably it is a fair inference that the Egyptians, having few domestic animals, took special pains with the education of such as they had, and thus brought out capacities and characteristics which we scarcely suspect. By the way, if the subjects of the Pharaohs had possessed dogs, would they have taught cats to hunt? Perhaps, after all that has been said for Bow-wow, Maou may be the oldest ally of man.

Did Herodotus take a cat back with him to Greece? Probably not; the Egyptians could hardly have been willing to spare him one; moreover, the beast is an unwilling traveller. Imagine the great historian dodging about every burning house that he came to, in order to keep his Maou from pelting into the embers! It seems certain that he not only did not carry a cat to Greece, but that he did not carry thither the taste for cats, inasmuch as we find no mention of the animal in early Hellenic history. The lack of this fancy is the greatest blot that I discover in the æsthetic character of the founders of classic art and literature. It is likely that they were well punished for it; they must have been troubled with mice as well as Macedonians.

No distinct mention of Greek cats is to be found until we reach Theocritus, the inventor of bucolic poetry, born about one hundred and sixty years after Herodotus, or about two hundred and seventy-five years before our era. Even in this case the animal may have been Greek only in a colonial sense, and finally may not have been Greek at all, inasmuch as the poet was a native of Syracuse, and passed several years of his life in Egypt.

"Eunoia, water!" calls Praxinoë, in the dialogue of The Syracusans. "How slow she is! The cat loves repose. Bestir yourself. Quick, some water."

A lazy and pleasure-loving slave is compared to a cat. Here I find my familiar friend, the soft pet who likes a warm lap, the snoozing pussy of the nineteenth century. At least I find him as the world misrepresents him, for in his special line of business he is not an idle creature, but patient, painstaking and indefatigable.

And now for a stroke of sublimity. From

the XVIIIth dynasty of Egypt down to Agathias, a writer of the age of Justinian, this cat of Theocritus is the only distinct and authentic cat in Levantine history. In all the trappings of armies, the batterings of sieges, and the tumblings of empires throughout a sweep of twenty-two centuries, we hear but one unsupported purr and one isolated mew. Agesilaus has his Epaminondas; Plato is obliged to measure himself against Aristotle; but the pussy of The Syracusans is without a rival. If there is any grandeur in solitude, here you have it!

As for Agathias, a very clever advocate and scholar by the way, he makes an ass of himself by versifying two epigrams against a clever cat that had killed his tame partridge. A still greater ass is Damocharis, a disciple of Agathias and known among his contemporaries as "The Sacred Column of Grammar," who rushes to the consolation of the bereaved lawyer with another epigram. He calls the cat one of the dogs of Actæon; declares that in eating the partridge of Agathias he had devoured Agathias himself; and charges him with thinking of nothing but partridges while the mice dance and rejoice. At all events, one learns from this hullabaloo that cats were kept in the Eastern Empire to kill mice, and that they were far from holding the worshipful position of semi-sacerdotal Maou in ancient Egypt. Turning now to the Romans, we learn from Ovid's *Metamorphoses* that Diana once took the form of a cat, therein getting ahead of Satan and his witches, who frequently performed the same miracle in the Middle Ages. As Diana was identified by the classic nations with the Egyptian goddess Bast, we find in this story a reminiscence of the sacred Maou of Bubastis.

Pliny speaks of cats; and so does Palladius, a writer of the times of Roman decadence; and from the latter we learn that they were useful in clearing granaries of mice. All thanks to the man for his information, though we could have guessed as much unassisted. But had he nothing to say concerning the fur, the song, the arching back, the gentle fondlings, the innumerable graces of my favourite beast? There have been only two golden ages for pussy; that of the ancient Egyptians and that of modern Christianity; and the first was even more gloriously golden than the last.

In a Pompeian mosaic, preserved in the museum of Naples, we find record of a cat who must have lived several centuries earlier than the slayer of Agathias' partridge. He too is a bird-fancier, for he has something like a quail under his left paw, and you can see that his mouth is about to open on the neck of his victim. A stout-bodied beast, with thick limbs and a massive tail, he resembles the wild species rather than the tame.

A later age furnishes us with a seal, in the bad workmanship of the Roman decadence, on which is inscribed the name of the defunct owner, a lady called *Luconia Felicula*. As *Felicula* signifies little cat, or kitten, here we have another feline monument. At Orange, in the south of France, a mosaic of the Roman period, representing a cat catching a mouse, was found by the antiquarian Millin. As if in mockery—as if to show that the chasings of this world never attain their prey—Father Time had taken the trouble to deface the image of the mouse. There is the eternal pursuit of happiness and success, and there is its object escaping into the invisible.

Next comes a rude funeral monument, also of the Gaulish Roman period, exhibiting a young girl holding a cat in her arms, while a cock stands at her feet. There too the old destroyer has been busy, this time banging away at the feline image, as if it had just occurred to him to avenge the partridge of Agathias. In spite of this wrath, the fact is evident to us that kittens might be pets to children who spoke Latin, and that bereaved parents who spoke Latin might sympathize with the taste. The drawing of the figures, by the way, is wofully poor, and shows that the Gallo-Roman artists of those days were far inferior to the Japanese of our time, and scarcely superior to the Chinese.

Thenceforward we must give up Roman cats, except so far as we may learn something from old moderns who wrote on heraldry, and who probably had access to Latin works which are lost to us. Palliot, one of the most venerable of prose-writing Frenchmen, who published, in 1664, "*The True and Perfect Science of Blazonry*," delights us with the information that various companies of the soldiers of the Cæsars had cats painted on their banners. There was a sea-green cat for the *Ordines Augustei*, a

half cat on a red ground for the *Felices Seniores*, and a cat with one eye and one ear for the *Alpini*. Palliot is so sure of his case that he gives us an engraving of the "half cat," a lively animal, exceedingly well sketched, whose head, fore-paws, and tip of tail are all up in playful style, while his hinder moiety stands in the unbeknown. With this two-legged quadruped we take our leave of cats classical.

We come now to the Middle Ages, a time of great spiritual potency for tom and tabby. Like some other creatures once identified with the worship of divinities, cats were now identified with the powers and principalities of darkness. They haunted blood-stained castles, accompanied witches in their nocturnal gambols and journeyings, and otherwise troubled the sad imagination which characterized mediæval Christianity, especially among the Germanic peoples. When St. Dominic preached concerning the devil, he represented him under the form of a cat. Numerous legends give us the strongest reason to believe that when Satan desired to trouble the peace of the faithful, he frequently clothed himself in the body, or at least in the skin, of a black tommy. Out of what nest-egg of fact were these tales hatched? No doubt partly out of the old pagan union between the animal and certain forms of idolatry, such as the worship of Bast and Diana. Among the northern peoples it had once been believed that the car of the goddess Frigga was drawn by cats. There is also a physical cause: the beast's eyes glisten strangely in the dark; even by day his glassy stare is disquieting to some nervous temperaments; and so, like the owl and other glaring, lustrous-orbed creatures, he was handed over to devil-worship.

The old-time peasant of France believed that if a cat was in a cart, and the wind blew from him to the horse, the latter would have a double load to draw. Same increase of burden to horses if cavaliers wore cat fur on their garments. Sorcerers, as well as their great master, sometimes took the feline shape. A certain woman of Billancourt in France was cooking an omelet, when a black cat which sat in the chimney-corner remarked: "It is done, turn it over." The woman, being a good Christian, threw the omelet in the cat's face and burnt him. The next day one of her neighbours, well known to her as a sorcerer, had a scar on

his cheek. In presence of these facts reason bows his conceited head, and faith asserts dominion. Perhaps it is the cats who give power to planchette, and enable Mr. Home to fly out of windows.

We must not be specially bitter on cats because they were so mixed up with the ramplings of Lucifer. The canine race had something of the same repute; the ringleaders of the Salem witchcraft were aided by Satan in the form of a large black dog; and Tam O'Shanter saw him at Kirk Alloway in the guise of a "towsy tyke, black, grim, and large." Moreover, grimalkin now and then turned against his satanic master. A French architect of the good old believing times being unable to finish an audaciously planted bridge, the devil offered to bring the work to completion on condition that he might have the first soul that crossed it. The work done, the sly architect scared a cat over; the devil, though disappointed, advanced to seize his prey; the beast made fight and scratched his black face for him; defeat and flight of the arch enemy.

Another true story. A certain Count of Combourg, who was noted for possessing a wooden leg and a black cat, died several centuries ago for reasons best known to his doctor. But something troubled his repose, or he had provocation to trouble that of other people. Every now and then he turned out for a nightly promenade, and was encountered an unpleasant number of times on the grand stairway of his castle; but occasionally, finding that his personal attention was not needed, or being occupied otherwheres, he sent his wooden leg and black cat on these expeditions. Champfleury gives us an impressive sketch of the beast descending the grim old stone staircase, closely followed by the stumpy limb with bandages flying. Such is the verisimilitude of the picture that infidelity must fade before it.

Degraded like Moloch, Beelzebub, Lucifer, and other names of ancient worship, to a companionship with Satan, the cats had a hard time of it among our sombrely and savage pious ancestors. The culmination of many a religious *fête* in France, Germany, England, etc., consisted in pitching some wretched pussy off a height or into a bonfire. In 1373 certain Frenchmen received a quittance of a hundred *sols parisis* for having furnished during three

years all the cats necessary for the fires of the festival of St. John. In 1604 the boyish Dauphin of France, afterwards Louis XIII., obtained mercy of the king for all the cats which were to be scorched on this pious occasion. The same Dauphin, however, was not so far enlightened but that he hunted cats on horseback, doubtless by way of preparing him for the chase of wilder game.

In 1323 the Abbot of Citeaux, assisted by several of his monks, buried a black cat in a box, with provisions for three days, all with a view to dealings with the devil. Animal howls; citizens dig him up; abbot and monks are tried for satanic practices; two are banished and two are burnt at the stake. Now and then a cat got into more intelligent, humane, and truly pious company. A certain hermit of the time of Pope Gregory I. is celebrated by John, a deacon of Rome, for the blessed content with which he regarded his only property, a no doubt exemplary grimalkin. Deacon John even assures us that the holy man received a revelation from heaven, congratulating him on being as happy in his tommy as the Pope in all his splendor and power.

No longer ago than 1818 a decree was issued at Ypres, in Flanders, forbidding the throwing of a cat off a high tower in commemoration of a Christian festival. In France such ignoble devotions were practised among the peasants until very lately. To see the labourers of Picardy skylarking around a pile of blazing fagots, some dancing, some playing fiddles, some firing guns, and the children screaming "Hiou! hiou!" while a cat, smothered by the smoke drops screeching into the flames, is not a delightful religious reminiscence.

If the race had mediæval troubles, it also had an occasional honour, especially in the way of blazonry. Palliot, who has thrown such light on Roman ensigns, blesses us with the further information that the Burgundian Clotilda, wife of King Clovis, inherited from her paternal house a coat of arms representing a sable cat killing a rat of the same. The German family of Katzen had a silver cat holding a mouse, on a field of azure; the Chetatdie of Limoges, two silver cats, one above the other, on azure; the Della Gatta, Neapolitan nobles, a silver cat, on azure.

Meantime the animal had a political signifi-

cance, and thereby got into the noble heraldry of nations. He was the emblem of independence: perhaps because of his somewhat solitary and unattached disposition; perhaps because of his watchfulness, "eternal vigilance being the price of liberty." This idea of independence or freedom was attached to him very early. In the Temple of Liberty, built at Rome under the direction of Tiberius Gracchus, the goddess was represented with a cat at her feet. The Sessa family, the great printers of Venice in the sixteenth century, used the figure of a cat as their printing mark, probably as a symbol of the freedom springing from intelligence. During the first French revolution the emblematic grimalkin of Tiberius Gracchus was resurrected, and in the patriotic pictures of Proudhon and others we once more find him sitting at the feet of the goddess of Liberty.

Having now traced the history of the animal from his earliest recorded appearance in the family which man has gathered, let us trace the history of his present name: Vulgar Greek, *katus*; vulgar Latin, *catus*, or *cattus*; Italian, *katus*; Spanish and Portuguese, *gato*; French, *chat*; Burgundian, *chat*; Picard, *ca*, or *co*; Provençal, *cat*; Catalan, *gat*; Walloon, *chet*; old Scandinavian, *kottr*; Anglo-Saxon, *cat*; German, *kater*, or *katz*; Danish, *kut*; Swedish, *katt*; Welsh, *cath*; Cornish, *cath*; Irish, *cat*; Lapp, *gatto*; Polish, *kot*; Russian, *kots*; Basque, *katna*; Turkish, *keti*; Armenian, *kaz*; English, CAT. In Arabic, *kitta*, or *kaita*, means a male cat.

Isidore, one of those decadent Roman authors who brought *cattus* from the vulgar speech into literature, explains that it is derived from *cat-tare*, to see, meaning thereby a seeing or watching animal. Champfleury looks askant at this derivation, suggesting that the word may have got into Latin from the Teutonic languages, an idea which seems probable enough when we reflect that Germans made up whole legions of

the Roman army at the time when *cattus* appears in Roman writings.

Now for varieties. The catamount of North America is not a cat, but a far larger and stronger animal, and of a different species. The wild-cat of Europe is nothing but the tame cat in a savage state. The Manx cat not only differs from the common breed in having no tail, but his hind legs are longer, his head larger, and his intelligence, I think, somewhat higher. Possibly the spinal nervous force which was formerly absorbed by his caudal extremity has ascended into his brain and reinforced its action. The suggestion is thrown out for the benefit of those philosophers who insist that man's first step in improvement was the getting rid of his tail. If this reasoning is correct, we may expect something great of the Japanese pussy, which is also tailless.

At Tobolsk there is a red breed; in China a variety with drooping ears; in middle Asia the Angora, with long fur and a mane. Of this last species is the favourite of Victor Hugo, a monstrous old curmudgeon in the style of a small lion, who inspired the poet Méry with the saying, "God made the cat to give man the pleasure of caressing the tiger."

A grimalkin which was brought from the coast of Guinea to England had short, bluish-gray fur, a curiously wrinkled skin, as black as a negro's, ears perfectly naked, long legs, and a general eccentricity of aspect. In New Zealand, in the Highlands of Scotland, and probably in all other countries, the animals which return to the savage state take on a dappled gray colour. When, therefore, you see a gray cat, you may infer that he has a good constitution and a large infusion of the hunting instinct.

Wild-cats, when domesticated, bear a high character as mousers, but are furious quarrelers with their own sex of the tame species.

J. W. DEFORD.

THE COMING OF SPRING.*

BY ROBERT, LORD LYTTON.

THE green grass-blades aquiver
 With joy at the dawn of day
 (For the most inquisitive ever
 Of the flowers of the field are they)
 Lisp'd it low to their lazy
 Neighbours that flat on the ground,
 Dandelion and daisy,
 Lay still in a slumber sound :
 But soon, as a ripple of shadow
 Runs over the whisperous wheat,
 The rumour ran over the meadow
 With its numberless fluttering feet :
 It was told by the water-cresses
 To the brooklet that, in and out
 Of his garrulous green recesses,
 For gossip was gadding about :
 And the brooklet, full of the matter,
 Spread it abroad with pride ;
 But he stopp'd to gossip and chatter,
 And turn'd so often aside,
 That his news got there before him
 Ere his journey down was done ;
 And young leaves in the vale laugh'd o'er him,
 " We know it ! THE SNOW IS GONE !"
 The snow is gone ! but ye only
 Know how good doth that good news sound,
 Whose hearts, long buried and lonely,
 Have been waiting, winter-bound,
 For the voice of the wakening angel
 To utter the welcome evangel,
 " The snow is gone : reärise,
 And blossom as heretofore,
 Hopes, imaginings, memories,
 And joys of the days of yore !"

What are the tree-tops saying, swaying
 This way altogether ?
 " The winter is past ! the south wind at last
 Is come, and the sunny weather !"

The trees ! there is no mistaking them,
 For the trees they never mistake :
 And you may tell, by the way of the stem,
 What the way is the wind doth take.
 So, if the tree-tops nod this way,
 It is the south wind that is come ;
 And, if to the other side nod they,
 Go, clothe ye warm, or bide at home !
 The flowers all know what the tree-tops say ;
 They are no more deaf than the trees are
 dumb.
 And they do not wait to hear it twice said
 If the news be good ; but, discreet and gay,
 The awaked buds dance from their downy bed,
 With pursed-up mouth, and with peeping head
 By many a dim green winding way.

'Tis the white anemone, fashioned so
 Like to the stars of the winter snow,
 First thinks, " If I come too soon, no doubt
 I shall seem but the snow that hath staid too
 long,
 So, 'tis I that will be Spring's unguessed scout."
 And wide she wanders the woods among.
 Then, from out of the mossiest hiding-places,
 Smile meek moonlight colour'd faces
 Of pale primroses puritan,
 In maiden sisterhoods demure ;
 Each virgin flowret faint and wan
 With the bliss of her own sweet breath so pure.
 And the borage, blue-eyed, with a thrill of pride,
 (For warm is her welcome on every side)
 From Elfland coming to claim her place,
 Gay garments of verdant velvet takes
 All creased from the delicate travelling case
 Which a warm breeze breaks. The daisy
 awakes
 And opens her wondering eyes, yet red
 About the rims with a too long sleep ;
 Whilst, bold from his ambush, with helm on
 head
 And lance in rest, doth the bulrush leap.

* From "Fables in Song," by Robert, Lord Lytton, author of "Poems by Owen Meredith." Copyright edition. Toronto : Hunter, Rose & Co. 1874.

The violets meet, and disport themselves
 Under the trees, by tens and twelves.
 The timorous cowslips, one by one,
 Trembling, chilly, atiptoe stand
 On little hillocks and knolls alone :
 Watchful pickets, that wave a hand
 For signals sure that snow is gone,
 Then around them call their comrades all
 In a multitudinous, mirthful band ;
 Till the field is so filled with grass and flowers
 That wherever, with flashing footsteps, fall
 The sweet, fleet, silvery April showers,
 They never can touch the earth, which is
 Cover'd all over with crocuses,
 And the clustering gleam of the buttercup,

And the blithe grass blades that stand straight
 up
 And make themselves small, to leave room for
 all
 The nameless blossoms that nestle between
 Their sheltering stems in the herbage green ;
 Sharp little soldiers, trusty and true,
 Side by side in good order due ;
 Arms straight down, and heads forward set,
 And saucily pointed bayonet.
 Up the hillocks, and down again,
 The green grass marches into the plain,
 If only a light wind over the land
 Whisper the welcome word of command.

MY RECOLLECTIONS OF FENTON GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

(Continued from April Number.)

CHAPTER V.

KNIFE-RACE—PIG-HUNT—WILLOW EXPEDITION—MILITIA.

WITHIN a few days of my arrival I was informed that there would be a race immediately on the conclusion of afternoon school. I was backed against an old boy, and the prize was to be a knife. The course was by the side of a long wall, and finished about twenty yards round the corner. We were shown a deep hole cut in the ground, which would contain the knife, and was then to be covered with grass. I dare not say with what materials this hole was actually filled up and then covered over with grass. Of course the new boy always won the race, though not the knife, and, diving his hand into the filth, was the object of derision.

Then came a "pig-hunt," which was a novel sport to me. The boys, furnished with sticks, went in pursuit of Sab's pigs, which must have been highly educated, for they certainly ran well, and bowled over many a boy who tried to intercept their course. It is no joke to be upset by a frantic pig. The hunt concluded, a general order was immediately given for the common, which abounded in willows.

Some weeks before the fifth of November it was customary for the boys to go out with axes and hackers, and cut down each night a willow, which was then lugged in by means of ropes and kept in readiness for the bonfire. We soon observed that the shepherd and his dog were perpetually on the watch, and therefore the time of our expedition was altered. We would go out at midnight by means of the lavatory window, which was nearly level with the ground. The school-room door would be opened, a fire lighted in the study, and a feast laid out ready for the return of the adventurers. The feast was levied by black-mail. This went on for some time ; but one night, in the midst of our feasting, we were startled by the apparition of a policeman, who, however, after a little chaff and the acceptance of a small fee, sat down and partook of our hospitality. But lo, Sab now appeared on the scene, sent us all off to bed, and threatened to secure the dismissal of the policeman—a threat which the kind-hearted man never carried into execution.

Another adventure was in store for me this evening. One bully had left in the study a cloak, in which he said—I know not how truly—that his father had fought several campaigns.

"Ajax, go and fetch my cloak."

"No, Brown, I cannot. I am sure old Sab is sitting on the stairs."

(N.B.—When there was devilry in the air Sab would sit on the stairs all night.)

"I tell you go. If Sab is on the stairs he will not lick you so hard as I will if you do not go after my cloak."

I realized the force of this remark, and went with a beating heart after the cloak. I got down on the stairs, as far as the lavatory-stairs door, which I gingerly opened, though I scarcely expected that Sab would be in possession of the two steps outside. As I opened the door, a succession of blows fell straight on my head, and I was completely knocked down. For some moments I lost consciousness; but I believe the blows continued, for when my senses returned the bruising was still going on. I did not move or speak, for I was afraid of betraying myself.

I was in a dilemma. Was I to be "tunded" there, or up in my bedroom, where the doctor would surely pursue me? I adopted the latter course, and fled for my life with such extraordinary agility that I was enabled to undress and get into bed before Sab appeared in the long room.

"Some boy in this room has been recently out of bed."

I thought, why not some one in the brown room? all the occupants of which were out of bed and dressed.

"I will have you all get out of bed, and show me that you are undressed."

The order was obeyed, and Sab, who was nonplussed, after saying, "Thirty-and-five years have I been head-master of this school," &c., &c., (groans and hisses) disappeared; whether to bed or to sit on the stairs, I know not.

The expeditions still continued, though of course the times were modified and varied. With reference to these willow-trees, I may observe that many were ancient and full of tinder. In the summer, when we had no use for these trees, it was not uncommon to drop a spark in the tinder about dinner-time, and in the evening we would be regaled with an exciting fire.

On the first of May there was a holiday. The school was decorated by us over-night with flowers, and branches of trees were placed

against the walls. The times and means for obtaining these branches were similar to those employed for getting the willow-trees.

It was customary for the bullies to call out the militia for three weeks in the year.

Sab had a horse and pony which grazed on the common, and were rarely used. The former animal was fabled to have been present at Waterloo, and was used, when the militia was called out, by the head bully, who styled himself captain. The pony was taken possession of by the second bully, who was the adjutant. The remaining bullies were infantry officers. I shall state presently how the non-commissioned officers were supplied. We would meet on the common, and answer to our names. The first order involved us, the private soldiers, in unpleasantness and danger.

An open drain, running with a shallow stream at the end of our field, passed under a kind of tunnel through the garden of a gentleman named Must. At the end of the garden the drain was communicated with by a stream of considerable volume, by means of a flood-gate, which was occasionally opened to flush the drain. Our first order was to pass under this tunnel and touch the flood-gate, where the officers were stationed, and could see that we all obeyed the command. I need not say how unpleasant it was to pass under this tunnel, which was not sufficiently high to admit of our standing upright, nor need I remark that the odours we inhaled differed very much from those one scents in Rimmel's shop. About half-way up this tunnel I was met by an old soldier, returning with the information that the officers were endeavouring to open the flood-gates. If this remark was true it mattered very little whether one went back or forward; and therefore, as obedience is a soldier's first duty, I went forward to the end and returned in safety. Either the old soldier told an untruth, or else the officers failed in their attempt. Anyhow the panic and consternation in the regiment were intense. After this we fell in, began slow march, warmed up into "double quick," and had to jump or scramble over hedges and ditches as best we could. On nearing home, an order was given to charge and scale the high double-doors of the playground, which had been carefully fastened, and the top of which I could scarcely reach by jumping.

The six privates who passed over first were created non-commissioned officers. Their emblem of office was a huge stake, with which it was their duty to pitch-fork all the dilatory ones over the doors.

"*Vexatio dat intellectum*," some one remarks; but I never succeeded in scaling these doors without assistance, and hence may be inferred the state of my body and clothes when the militia was disbanded. Other boys had hands and feet no more prehensile than mine, but some of them managed to purchase a commission or else exemption. The purchase and exemption money went towards regaling the staff after their arduous labours.

CHAPTER VI.

CAD-FIGHTS—SUNDAY—REMARKS ON BULLYING.

THE boys of Fenton Grammar School were at deadly feud with all the town boys—"cads" we called them. If I ever met a "cad" there was always a fight forced upon me. My encounters are to be reckoned by hundreds. Indeed I was rather a noted pugilist, and had to pay for the reputation. It was a curious fact, but if you overpowered an individual cad, or a company of cads, a whistle would be immediately raised by the opposition, and a reinforcement came up. Or sometimes a cad, when fairly licked, would pull out stones from his pocket and throw them effectively. Going down the town one evening, I observed at least a hundred of my enemies down a side lane armed with sticks; and they welshed Boss—as they called me—all the way back to the school. You might go for a quiet walk and be pounced upon at any moment. I should be sorry to say how often I have had to fight my way through a ring of "cads" who had waylaid me. Three boys once asked me to come out for a "cad-hunt"; but I observed that they retreated when the game was found, and therefore I never engaged myself again to a deliberate hunt. Indeed there was no occasion to hunt; the cad was ubiquitous and irrepressible.

Besides this irregular warfare, there were pitched battles between the school and the town-boys three times a year—once with fists, a second time with sticks, and a third time with

stones. The last battle was the most serious, for there were several expert slingers on each side. A school-fellow once showed me a large scar on his forehead, which scar he said had been caused two years ago by a stone from a sling. The force of the blow had been reduced by passing through the peak of his cap.

These "cad-fights" were but a miniature of the Oxford "town and gown" rows, in which I have known a townsman killed; and I wonder some of the boys at Fenton escaped fatal, or very serious accidents.

Most of the boys went to the church opposite the school—All Souls'; the remainder worshipped at St. Luke's. The doctor attended the former church, and sat in a large pew which terminated the block of six pews reserved for the school. The pew nearest him was occupied by the small or new boys, for Sab was objectionable in church. He would kneel on his seat, and, overhanging the next pew, would pray violently on the head of "the first boy he came across." The abominable writing and the drawings in the pews were by no means devotional. Boys who did not use their pencil would read novels or write letters. At convenient times during the service a feast was held; for it was the custom to take eatables and drinkables into church. When there was no other occupation, boys would take out quill tubes and blow chewed pellets of paper on to Sab's head, which, like the head of Thersites, was bald—with the exception of a few hairs on the top, which were brushed up into a spiral shape. These pellets came on the doctor's head from above, and he seemed to think his annoyance was caused by birds, or by other agents or causes in the roof of the church.

The rector was called Toddy, and had a reputation for great meanness. His sermons were dull and his services not æsthetic. Towards the end of my career at Fenton, when a High Churchman was appointed rector, the behaviour of the boys certainly improved; but perhaps it would not be right to say, "Post hoc; ergo propter hoc." Sunday was the great day for bird's-nesting in summer, and boys who appeared in the morning with good clothes often came in rags to the evening service. Of course there was the usual collision with keepers *et hoc genus omne*, and I remember being once forced to the end of a wood, where the only

means of escape was by swimming a black Stygian looking stream, which I crossed—though not without being alarmed on the other side by the keeper threatening to put an ounce of lead into me.

We certainly were not religious at Fenton; but the modern notions of making boys religious did not exist then to such an extent as they do now. I have known some Church-schools fail miserably, and many almost break down. These facts convince me that a boy is not naturally a religious animal. I confess that boys are, as a rule, much better behaved and more civilized, but certainly not more moral, than they were. What is suppressed in one direction bursts out in another. The Fenton boys were palpable, obvious blackguards. The tendency of the modern boy often is to be a blackguard in disguise. Does not this statement represent the true fact of the change in modern society generally?

Men are learning how morality affects their pockets and their health, and are becoming better "calculating machines" and better "patent digesters;" but are they becoming more virtuous—if we take disinterestedness as the test of a really virtuous act? Family and national ties are surely more lax than formerly, and the dictum of political philosophy, that "the individual—not the family or the tribe—is the unit of society," is true in many senses; though some may say the virtue of cosmopolitanism—a virtue easy to assume but hard to externalise—will compensate for the loss of all other virtues. The line of Terence,

"Homo sum: humani nihil a me alienum puto," sounds well, and this circumstance may have some value.

Without going into details, I think any one will form a general idea of the extent to which bullying was practised at Fenton. I had established my reputation as a clever fag, who would undertake perilous enterprises, and escaped some refined tortures to which I might otherwise have been subjected. Besides, I could bear bruises well, as the bullies discovered after applying a crucial test.

"Ajax," they said, "you seem a soft-hearted fellow, for you always cry when you receive a letter from home, and even when you write home."

This was true; for thoughts of home—how-

ever strict and secluded—when contrasted with those of schools, were calculated to stir up one's deepest and quickest emotions.

"But," they continued, "you never cry for our lickings. Now, Ajax, we are going to test you."

Then they let fly into me with sticks and ropes, but had to leave off defeated.

"I've heard of hearts unkind, kind deeds

With coldness still returning;

Alas, the gratitude of men

Hath often left me mourning."

I was roughly used at Fenton. The atmosphere was full of unkindness; but for that very reason eminently calculated to bring out individual cases of kindness and warm-heartedness. Friendships were closer than they would be if oppression were rendered impossible. People forget that their pet schemes for destroying vices destroy virtues also. Communism of property, for instance, if it do away with theft and covetousness, would do away with individual energy and generosity; but in the early Church it even led to theft and lying.

As I said before, the tendency of modern legislation is to banish vice from the open day, and to make it multiply or transform itself in secret.

Some one will say: "Why did you never complain?" Because my father always said that interference between a boy—except to remove him—and his master or schoolfellows, was rarely justifiable or expedient, and therefore ought not, as a rule, to be resorted to.

With reference to the interference of trustees with masters, I think Dr. Arnold observes in one of his letters, written after or just before his appointment to Rugby, that he owed it to the master of the smallest grammar-school in England to resist all interference, except dismissal, at the hands of the trustees.

In my days parents and trustees exercised their power perhaps too little; now they certainly use it too much; and therefore home and school discipline are fast dying out, for the boys are the greatest school legislators.

If the head-master of Eton wishes to readjust the holidays, he sends a letter to each parent, and asks for his opinion of the proposed change.

The position of a schoolmaster ought to be analogous to that of a doctor. Persons have a right to select their doctor, and then withdraw

from his treatment; but while under his treatment they have no right to dictate his prescriptions. If the head-masters of public schools submit to the pressure, then of course the independence of masters throughout the country is sacrificed.

It is a general fact that education is estimated nowadays not by an intellectual or moral standard, but by a material test. The most inefficient staff can hold its own if the boys can report good eating and drinking, and gentle and ladylike treatment. I admit that boys' material comforts needed a reform, but we must not be satisfied with making pupils 'patent digesters' and milksops. In my days the tone of the grammar-schools was perhaps coarse. The tendency now in many cases is to make their tone effeminate.

Then again, in these latter days, people think that a master's function and office can be defined by rules so rigid as to leave no scope for individual judgment. But surely minute precepts laid down for the guidance of a head-master are like those laws of etiquette for the use of a gentleman. In both instances they are ordinarily useless; while in each, numerous cases must occur which can be referred to no rule, which must be settled by the casuistical conscience.

We know the difficulties and rebellion which Moses had to encounter when he was commissioned to lead, train, and educate the boyhood of the Jewish world. And such an arduous task is the lot of all those who undertake the education and guidance of the children of England. Surely Jethro was wise when he advised his son-in-law to leave minute judicial functions to others, and reserve to himself the great cases only.

"Nec deus intersit, nisi nodus vindice dignus Inciderit."

I hope I have not been hard on Sab on any occasion when I have introduced him. He was a kind man, but the reader will not be surprised to learn that the doctor was in a state of imbecility; in fact, before I went to Fenton he had twice been insane. All the people in the town stuck to the old schoolmaster, in spite of his incapacity, and after I left managed to get him appointed to the living of St. Luke—with the hope, I suppose, that he would resign

the school. Sab, however, stuck to the school and to the living. But down came the School Commissioners, and gave about the worst report to be seen in the blue books. 'The boys,' they said, 'were unmannerly and ignorant. The few flashes of light which appeared amid the darkness came from those who had been but a short time at the school. The master was evidently past his work.'

Then Sab resigned, and by some means or other was appointed to a living in Mudshire, where he died shortly afterwards.

Previous to his leaving the town of Fenton the residents had, by generous subscriptions, paid off his debts, which amounted to four figures.

I went to Fenton last Easter. The grand old school, associated in history with one of England's greatest heroes, remained almost unchanged; but the house was rebuilt, and the place so much altered, that it was impossible to identify many things and places which are so deeply impressed on my memory. The present able head-master received me very courteously, and seemed interested in my reminiscences. One of his pupils had gained a scholarship at Cambridge that term—a performance which would have been miraculous under the declining rule of Sab.

I believe the doctor was once a good scholar; though an old pupil states that the only criticism of which he remembers Sab guilty, was 'ἡ Ἀθῆνη. Mark the delicacy of the sex.' I think I have heard this anecdote otherwise applied. Besides, did we not, with Sab's assistance, write every year at the time of the assizes a Latin letter to the judges, who immediately requested the head-master to grant us a holiday?

It was gratifying to observe how respectfully the natives—especially the omnibus conductor of the Victoria—spoke of the late doctor. Their unanimous verdict was that Sab had no other enemy but himself, that he had educated and boarded some boys for nothing, had been fleeced by his servants, sponged upon by his relatives, and had consequently run into debt.

Of the doctor let us say, 'De mortuo nil nisi bonum.'

With reference to the manners and customs of the school, I have little cause to defend them. Manners there were none, and the

customs were brutal. Still I consider the subject of education and school discipline far from satisfactory and settled at the present time.

Perhaps after oscillation between extremes a wholesome eclecticism may solve matters satisfactorily.

SCIENCE AND NATURE.

PROF. F. B. Andrews, of the Geological Survey of Ohio, has recently promulgated a new theory as to the successive deposition of beds of coal, which is at variance with the opinions formerly held on this subject. He believes that coal-seams have been formed in marshes along the sea-shore, and therefore at or near the water-level; that the subsidences by which the coal-seams were successively formed, and successively buried, were continental and general in their nature, and that consequently, from their mode of formation, all coal-seams must necessarily be parallel with one another, and can never either divide or approach one another. Professor Newberry, the distinguished Director of the Ohio Geological Survey, has expressed his dissent from these views and his adherence to the opinions formerly entertained. He adduces various instances in which the intervals between known seams of coal are not constantly the same at different points; and he expresses his conviction that there is abundant and varied evidence to show that the subsidence of the coal areas was often very local, and that "in the long interval which elapsed between the formation of one coal-seam and the accumulation of carbonaceous matter above it, the strata were sometimes warped and folded in the most local and complicated way."

It is interesting to learn from an admirable paper published by Mr. Selwyn in the last number of the *Canadian Naturalist*, that there is a reasonable probability of obtaining coal of fair quality and in fair quantity on the Saskatchewan between Rocky Mountain House and Edmonton. This coal is, of course, not of true carboniferous age, but much later, apparently belonging to the cretaceous period. The strata

exposed between the points above named are stated by Mr. Selwyn to consist chiefly of soft, friable, green, gray, or brown concretionary sandstones, alternating with blue and grey arenaceous and argillaceous shales, and layers and beds of lignite and bright jet-like brown coal. In the shales there are layers of nodules of clay-ironstone holding numerous fragments of plants, and containing about thirty-five per cent. of metallic iron on an average. At one place on the right bank of the Saskatchewan, about forty miles below the confluence of the Brazeau, Mr. Selwyn found a seam of jet-like coal, which measured no less than from eighteen to twenty feet in thickness. Two exposures of this bed were found about four miles apart. "In the first exposure, which extends some fifty or sixty yards in length, but which, owing to the swiftness of the current flowing at its base, was not easily examined, the seam is flat, and rises from the water in a nearly vertical cliff, exposing eighteen feet of apparently excellent coal. The bottom of the seam here was beneath the water, and could not be examined; above it the cliff was not accessible, and the rocks were concealed by slides of earth and other debris. The second exposure, which is no doubt a continuation of the same seam, occurs in an arched form, and shows eighteen feet, with one small two or three-inch parting of shale. The specimens collected were all taken from the surface, and it is not unlikely that beyond the influence of atmospheric action, the coal in these seams will prove to be of better quality than is indicated by these specimens."

Canada has the advantage at present of being the fortunate possessor of the earliest known fossil, the *Eozoön Canadense*, which was found

in the Laurentian Rocks, and was determined by Principal Dawson and Dr. W. B. Carpenter. The nature of the singular body so-called has, however, been a matter of some dispute, various authorities denying that it is really more than a peculiar form of mineral structure. The last combatant who has made his appearance in the fight about *Eozoön* is Mr. J. H. Carter, F.R.S. This well known naturalist has come to the conclusion that *Eozoön* is not a fossil at all, and he says: "I am at a loss to conceive how the so-called *Eozoön Canadense* can be identified with foraminiferous structure, except by the wildest conjecture, and then such identification no longer becomes of any scientific value."

An attempt is made by Prof. H. Thurston in a paper read before the American Society of Civil Engineers to prove that Count Rumford was the first person to prove the immateriality of heat, and to indicate that it is a form of energy, his conclusions on this subject having been published a year before those of Davy. It

is also claimed that the Count was the first, nearly fifty years before Joule, to determine the mechanical equivalent of heat, and that his determination was almost perfectly accurate.

In continuation of his previous well-known researches on the phenomena of flight, M. Marcy has made a series of observations which prove how important a part the onward movement of a bird plays in increasing the efficiency of each wing-stroke. For, supposing that in its descent the wing did not continually come in contact with a fresh volume of air, it would act at a disadvantage, because the downward impulse which, at the commencement of each stroke, it gives to the air below it, would make that air so much less efficient a resisting medium; whilst, by continually coming in contact with a fresh body of air, the wing is always acting on it to the best advantage. For this reason, when a bird commences its flight, it turns towards the wind if possible, to make up for its lack of motion at starting.—(*Nature*.)

CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE *Contemporary* opens this month with an interesting paper by Archbishop Manning. In the previous number Mr. Fitzjames Stephen had offered some critical remarks upon the Archbishop's pamphlet, the subject of which was Cæsarism and Ultramontanism. This pamphlet was a laboured attempt to defend the Ultramontane position touching the relations between Church and State. Its principal propositions may be briefly stated thus:—The Church and State have separate and distinct spheres—the former reserving to itself jurisdiction over faith and morals. But there are mixed questions, regarding which there may be a conflict between the powers. In such cases the State must give way; because its power is derived from God, and the Church, being His infallible representative on earth, is alone competent to define the limits of jurisdiction. Mr. Stephen replied that, if this claim

could be established, the Pope would indeed be king of the world. "The distribution of property, the relation between the sexes, vice, crime, pauperism and war," would be under his control. To which he might have added an infinity of subjects, such as education, civil contracts, breaches of trust—in short, almost everything with which the State has to do. Moreover, we know from various Papal encyclicals that civil liberty, science, and the exercise of reason generally are regarded as "mixed questions" at Rome. Mr. Stephen urged that to make good so momentous an assertion of authority, the Church must demonstrate not one only but all of four propositions:—The existence of God; the truth of the historical portion of the Apostles' Creed; that Christ established a Church with the powers claimed; and that the Church of Rome is that Church. This demonstration the writer proceeded to argue, at some

length, to be an impossibility. The Archbishop declines to follow his opponent; but confines himself mainly to proving that authority, being admitted in other matters, ought also to stand for demonstration in religion. He further shows by copious extracts that the Churches of England and Scotland in theory, and the Nonconformists of both countries in practice, hold the Church to be independent of the State in spiritual things. Not one of these extracts, however, strengthens the Archbishop's position. What these Churches contended for obviously was—entire religious freedom from State control. Certainly none of them thought for a moment of putting forth the extraordinary claim of Ultramontanist supremacy over the State, whenever and under whatever circumstances the Church chooses to assert it.

"The Evolution Hypothesis," by Dr. Bastian, is concluded in this number. The paper is supplementary to the writer's well-known work on "The Beginnings of Life." His object is to prove that life can be originated independently of pre-existing forms. He adopts the theory of La Place touching the creation, or rather self-evolution of the universe from a nebulous haze. He anxiously repudiates the idea of intelligent creative power, for admitting which, by the way, he reproves Mr. Darwin rather sharply. He also combats the views of Huxley, Tyndall and Herbert Spencer, all of whom adhere to the old theory that life can only be produced from antecedent life. The only man after Dr. Bastian's own heart appears to be Mr. G. H. Lewes. Dr. Vance Smith gives an account of the mental struggles of the Rev. Theophilus Lindsey, "A Broad Church Vicar of the Last Century," who, after years of perplexity and hesitation, left the Church because he had ceased to hold the doctrine of the Trinity. "Evangelicalism" is a paper by the Rev. J. M. Capes. This gentleman, it will be remembered, "went over" to the Church of Rome during the Oxford movement, and afterwards returned to the Anglican communion. To use the cant phraseology of the day, he was first a pervert and then a revert. As is commonly the case under the circumstances, he has swung round to the opposite pole with considerable velocity. He impeaches the trustworthiness of the Gospel narrative, and repudiates justification by faith, as well as the doctrine of eternal punishment. This paper is a reply to the Rev. Mr. Wynne, who had taken up the cudgels on behalf of the Evangelicals. There are some very readable translations of Russian Idylls in this number. There seems to be a Russian fever in England at present, for we observe that the people of Colchester, and of other towns, are sending their Crimean guns to Woolwich to be broken up.

Whatever Mr. Walter Bagehot does, he does well.

His paper on "The Metaphysical Basis of Toleration" is a plea for freedom of discussion from a somewhat original point of view. The writer thinks there are signs of a reaction on this subject. We quote two sentences, one from the opening and the other from the close of the paper. "What is more curious, some writers, whose pens are just set at liberty, and who would, not at all long ago, have been turned out of society for the things that they say, are setting themselves to explain the 'weakness' of liberty, and to extol the advantages of persecution." Again, "To most people I may seem to be slaying the slain, and proving what no one doubts. People, it will be said, no longer wish to persecute. But I say they *do* wish to persecute. In fact, from their writings, and still better from their conversation, it is easy to see that very many believers would persecute sceptics, and that very many sceptics would persecute believers." We may remark that Mr. Bagehot confines himself almost entirely to toleration by law, referring briefly to toleration by society at the close. The story of Emanuel Deutsch, the Talmudic scholar, is extremely touching. It is written by the Rev. Mr. Haweis, author of "Music and Morals," in whose house he spent the last two years in excruciating pain, which he bore with the bravest of hearts. He was another of the martyrs to overwork, and he struggled and hoped on to the last. We have another instalment of letters from Mrs. Browning to Mr. R. H. Home, scarcely so generally interesting as usual. "The Speculative Method," by Lord Arthur Russell, is a defence of metaphysics against the experimentalists. The writer shows that science is deeply indebted to philosophy, and quotes in proof passages from Professors Huxley and Tyndall, Dr. Carpenter and Mr. Lewes. He appears to be an Hegelian. The concluding article is on "The Tory Press, by a Tory." The writer, Mr. Arthur Murphy, endeavours to point out the wants and weaknesses of Tory journalism. One of its wants is a very common one—the want of money. Having reviewed at some length the papers of his party, he indicates its great desideratum—a paper, like the *Saturday Review* or *Pall Mall Gazette*, which would perform the same service for the Tory party that these journals perform for its opponents. Mr. Murphy desires a philosophical Conservatism, whose theory shall be adequately expounded by the press. The paper is well written, and will interest readers of either party.

In the *Fortnightly*, Mr. Morley, the editor, commences an essay on "Compromise," of which two chapters are given. Its design, to use the writer's words, "is to consider some of the limits that are set by sound reason to the practice of the various arts of accommodation, economy, management, con-

formity, or compromise." The prevailing tone of English opinion and practice is shown to be opposed to strong convictions on any subject, social, political, or religious. Enthusiasm has died out, and, instead of it, there is a spirit of narrow expediency. "The old hopes have grown pale; the old fears dim; strong sanctions are become weak; and once vivid faiths very numb." The popular view is that "thoroughness is a mistake, and nailing your colours to the mast a bit of delusive heroics." The spirit of compromise prevails everywhere with its concomitant, "a shrinking deference to the *status quo*." The introductory chapter is devoted to a consideration of the causes that have engendered this loss of moral power. The second chapter is an examination of the popular notion that error is sometimes useful, against which Mr. Morley utters a vigorous protest. The earnestness and high moral purpose which pervade the essay are characteristic of the writer. Mr. Pater's paper on Wordsworth unfolds some of the peculiar merits of the poet and illustrates also some of his defects. "Sex in Mind and in Education" is from the pen of Dr. Maudsley, principally known to the public by his works on mental pathology. As might have been expected he views the subject from a physiological stand-point. He considers it impossible that, under the most favourable circumstances, the sexes can ever be upon an equality; and that the attempt to educate them according to a common plan would be highly injurious so far as the female sex is concerned. We quote a sentence or two. "So long as the differences of physical power and organization between men and women are what they are, it does not seem possible that they should have the same type of mental development. But while we see great reason to dissent from the opinions, and to distrust the enthusiasm, of those who would set before women the same aims as men, to be pursued by the same methods, it must be admitted that they are entitled to have all the mental culture and all the freedom necessary to the fullest development of their natures." Mr. Auckland Colvin has a paper on "The Indian Famine and the Press," illustrated by a map showing the suffering districts. He considers that the *Times* and other journals have magnified the calamity. Mr. Morrison concludes his view of the reign of Louis XIV. The two chapters taken together form a clear and vivid sketch of the "Great" Monarch's reign. The paper on "The Exodus of the Agricultural Labourers" of course relates to the emigration question. It bristles with statistics, but we think the writer is too sanguine. He talks of shipping off in one year one hundred thousand labourers, and is quite prepared to show where the money is to come from. Mr. Frederic Harrison confines his survey of "Public Affairs" this month

to continental affairs. He refers especially to Von Moltke's extraordinary speech on the Army Bill and Bismarck's rude rebuff to the Alsatian deputies, which he characterizes as a defiance to public morality. Mr. Harrison entertains the hope that the stout resistance given to the Army Bill is a sign that the days of bureaucratic government are numbered.

"LIFE IN THE BACKWOODS OF CANADA."

IN the *Atlantic Monthly* for March appeared a paper entitled "Life in the Backwoods of Canada," of much interest to Canadians, though the interest is, on the whole, a painful one. It is a sketch of the Canadian experiences of a family of settlers on the wild lands of Muskoka. The sketch is simply and graphically written, evidently not overwrought or exaggerated, and represents with vivid and painful truth the hardships, privations and sufferings of a settler's life in an uncleared, uncultivated country. These are certainly hardly greater than those depicted by Mrs. Moodie in her "Roughing it in the Bush;" but through this narrative there runs a sadder strain, less brightened by the sunshine that lights up even a backwoods life; for the story is written evidently from the heart of an exile, looking with home-sick eyes at a country as unlike as possible both to the home left behind and to the "new and happy land" which the emigrants had pictured to themselves beforehand.

The settlers were almost as unfitted as it was possible to be for the rough life they came to encounter. The writer of the sketch is the widow of an officer—English it would seem—though, having been resident for a considerable time in France, accustomed to all the refinements of the highest civilization. Her home was broken up by the Franco-German war, and the youngest son being already a settler in Muskoka, his eldest sister with her husband resolved to join him. After their departure, but without waiting to hear from them, the mother, eldest son and remaining daughter rather hastily and impulsively made up their minds to follow. Had they waited till they could have heard some more accurate accounts of the life they might expect, and until some preparations for their reception could be made by those who had gone before them, the record of their experiences might not have been painted in quite such sombre colours. But they came quite unprepared for the life of toil and hardship, and the utterly rough surroundings of the wilderness. The free grants of Muskoka had evidently appeared to their imagination as a pleasant rural retreat, where a happy Arcadian life might be led by refined and

educated people, and where the pension of an officer's widow, added to the bounty of the soil, would be comparative affluence.

At Quebec, however, misfortunes and disappointments awaited them. An expected remittance had not arrived, and a watch had to be disposed of in order to provide funds for proceeding. Then the journey up was unfortunately made entirely by rail. Instead of being introduced to Canadian scenery by the noble highway of the St. Lawrence and the lovely windings of the Thousand Isles, the travellers found themselves carried through a depressing, unpicturesque country, where "stumps" plentifully sprinkled the fields, and pumpkins and hollyhocks adorned the rough gardens which they passed. The sail across Lake Simcoe was the first glimpse they got of anything like beauty or picturesqueness. But this was only a transient gleam of brightness. At Bracebridge they could not remain long enough for Mrs. K. to sign the papers which secured to her her grant. In consequence of this she lost the right to sell the pine trees on her lot, the new Act—"a most unjust one"—she observes, having been passed before she found another opportunity of going through the necessary formalities. Then came a terrible, jolting journey over rough and most uneven roads, which nearly shook them to pieces, while they could hardly keep their seats in the rude wagon. They arrived at last at their journey's end, and to find the first detachment of the family still in the midst of the discomforts which new settlers must expect; the log-cabin destitute of chairs and tables; a great cooking-stove of depressing aspect the centre and prominent object; and the sleeping arrangements so much too scanty for the increased party, that the gentlemen had to sleep on the floor around the stove. Moreover, to refresh the travellers, worn-out by their fatiguing journey, there was only "linseed tea and sour doughy bread." Certainly it was not a very cheering reception for a beginning. For, to add to her depression, Mrs. K. was shocked at the change which a life of wearing toil had already wrought on the appearance of the youngest son, who lived near, and whose long-afianced bride had come out with the first detachment of the family.

Mrs. K. describes the grants assigned to herself and son-in-law as being rather picturesque in their general features, but she felt oppressed and stifled by the feeling of being closed in by an immense forest—the more so that, on her journey, she had already seen something of fires in the woods. The record of their life is chiefly a record of privation and hard work—unaccustomed and arduous toil on the part of the gentlemen of the family, to get up the buildings absolutely needed for their shelter, at which they laboured even in the inclement November

weather; while the ladies had, of course, to perform all the household work—a new and far from agreeable experience to them. Hardy Canadian farmers' wives and daughters, in such circumstances, have to labour hard enough, but they are brought up to do so, and many things which they would accomplish with comparatively little trouble were to unaccustomed hands a very heavy burden. It is impossible to read the story without feeling intense sympathy for these delicately brought up women, whose accomplishments were of a very different kind, obliged to go through an amount of hardship and labour to which few even of our city servants have to submit. No wonder that their depression and home-sickness became at times rather more than their philosophy and patience were able to overcome!

Then came the cold bitter winter, with deep drifts of snow, making the roads, such as they were, almost impassable; and the sleighing, like everything else, seems to have been of the most primitive kind. Of course the settlers felt the cold very severe, but happily they were well supplied with warm clothing, in which they muffled themselves up, till, as Mrs. H. observes, they looked like sacks "tied in the middle." Now and then there is a faint gleam of brightness in the picture, as the birth of a child, christening, and a rather unsuccessful attempt at Christmas festivities, ending in home-sick tears. The record is an almost wholly sad one however, and, especially if it were taken in connection with the representations of Mr. Clayden, would lead any uninformed reader to the conclusion that Muskoka grants are almost as bad as that uncheerful region over whose doors was written—

"Abandon hope, all ye who enter here."

Certainly, the conjunction of this article in the same number of the Magazine with a sketch of Canadian travel in the maritime Provinces, by an American, rather contemptuously entitled "Baddeck, and that sort of thing"—is likely to impress American readers with the idea that Canada is divided between desolate, monotonous, stony tracts, where the people lead a somnolent old-time existence, about a hundred years behind the age, and dreary regions of savage wilderness, wild, trackless—and in winter almost impassable, whose inhabitants are unable, by the hardest and most unremitting toil, to procure more than the barest and coarsest necessities. Yet even in rugged Muskoka the ordinary settlers are said, by those who have travelled among them, to be as happy and cheery a set of people as can easily be found, and so content with their wilderness-life that they have no desire to leave it for more civilized abodes.

But the truth is that *only the right kind* of settlers should go as pioneers to such new districts. It is

not culture and refinement, but strength and endurance, that are needed to do battle with the hardships of a forest-life; strong arms and sturdy frames, not cultivated minds and sensitive organisations, with necessarily fastidious tastes. To set such to the rough work of a settler on wild land is like taking a finely-tempered penknife to cut through an inch plank, and the misapplication of power must end in suffering and disappointment. Men and women of culture and refinement are certainly not without their use in a new country, but it is not that of "hewers of wood" and settlers on new grants. Some indeed have set themselves to it, like the family in the sketch, with a brave endurance bordering on heroism; but the battle must generally go against them, and must exhaust the vitality and energy intended for higher work. The emigrants Canada needs for her wild lands are hardy labourers, accustomed to rough hard work, who can here win for themselves, in time, a comfortable homestead by labour not more severe than was needed at home to earn daily bread.

One or two things in the sketch referred to strike one as being capable of remedy. The bread generally used by the people is said to be heavy, doughy, and sometimes sour. Surely, with proper management, *this* need never be the case in Canada. Both good yeast and good bread are within any settler's reach. Some benevolent practical baker might take a tour in the region to teach the people at least how to make good, light bread. Then, the quality of some of the articles of food sold at the country "stores" is said to have been wretched, indeed it is remarked that they seemed to contain the "sweepings of Toronto shops." The tea, especially, was infamous, adulterated with sloe-leaves, raspberry-leaves, and perhaps with less innocent ingredients. This certainly need not, and should not be; and that such a state of things exists is a serious reflection on Canadian honesty. The poor settler is as much entitled to a *good* cup of tea as the resident of a city, and often *needs* it far more.

One good lesson this rather gloomy picture of Canadian backwoods life may have for the Canadians of the present day who do *not* live in the backwoods. It may remind us of the cost at which our forefathers redeemed from primeval wildness the rich and fertile country of which we are so justly proud; and it may teach us, while we look with satisfaction on the rapid advances in civilization, its fast-growing cities, its extending railroads, its developing manufacture and commerce, its rich and bounteous harvests, to look back with grateful appreciation to the labours of those who bore the burden and heat of the day; whose hard, self-denying toil laid the foundations of our national prosperity, and whose stout arms and brave endurance conquered for us, from the stern forces of nature the goodly heritage that we call "this Canada of ours."

Since writing the foregoing, the April number has come to hand, containing the conclusion of Mrs. K.'s narrative. 'It carries on the experience of the emigrants into the summer with its intense heat and terrible backwoods scourge of mosquitoes and other troublesome insects. Mrs. H., by a curious coincidence, gives the line of Dante above quoted:

"Abandon hope all ye who enter here,"

as the thought that haunted her mind during the earlier days of her bush experiences. Certainly it is the thought that her narrative suggests. Nevertheless, the close of the article shows that hope *has* entered, even into Muskoka, for she says they are still toiling, struggling on, *hoping* for the arrival of better days. That those better days may abundantly reward the labours of the emigrants will be the desire of every Canadian who reads the narrative. None can close it without sincere sympathy and regret that the inevitable circumstances of the case and the inclemency of the climate have made their first experience of our country so full of privation and suffering. May brighter days be in store for them!

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE PARISIANS. By Edward Bulwer, Lord Lytton. Canadian Copyright Edition. Toronto: Hunter, Rose & Co., 1874.

Whatever place in literature may be ultimately assigned to the late Lord Lytton, there are certain features in his character which will never admit of dispute. It will be impossible to deny him the credit of intense devotion to his art, indefatigable industry in the pursuit of it, and a large and generous spirit of appreciation of his rivals and fellow workers in the literary field. To this must be added also, that his intellectual resources were unexhausted at his death; that, so far from exhibiting signs of decay, his power as a writer of fiction would appear not to have reached its full development when the pen dropped forever from his hand. "The Parisians" is, on the whole, his best and ripest work. It has all the felicity of resource, all the skill in limning character, all the shrewd observation of men and things which characterized some of his previous works, but in a higher and more complete artistic form. It has also its negative merits. There is not so much tawdry sentiment here, or so eager and palpable a struggle for effect. The author is still epigrammatic, and sometimes the effort to utter clever *mots* is too palpably artificial, but this tendency is toned down till it ceases to jar upon sensitive nerves. We do not meet so many substantives or adjectives spelled with the capital letter. The Beautiful and the True appear to have been interred with the Unfathomable and the Unknown. There are traces of old mannerisms, but they are not offensively prominent—rather the moribund survivals of a time gone by. A critic, by no means an admirer of the noble author, has said that "had Lord Lytton lived to that age which classical poets are so fond of attributing to the crow and the stag, and had continued to improve, he would certainly have been the world's greatest novelist.

When he exhausted one theme he, without difficulty, turned to another and succeeded equally well." It is this perennial freshness of intellect which sets Lord Lytton apart from nearly all our poets and nearly all our novelists. He died at a mature age, although he had not reached the traditional limit of human life, with his powers still in course of development and his mental strength unimpaired.

"The Parisians" must rank with Thackeray's

"Duval," and Dickens' "Edwin Drood" as an incomplete work. Fortunately Lord Lytton has not left the reader to conjecture what the dénouement might have been, for he had taken the precaution to write the last chapter before he began to fill in the portion which should have immediately preceded it. From it we learn, not all we should like to know, but that which it pleases us best to know—that the heroine, after suffering "the pangs of despised love" was rewarded and was happy at the last. The steps by which this was to have been brought about are wanting: we only know the result and our sense of poetic justice is satisfied. The fate of some of the subordinate characters has passed into the land of shadows, but it is easily decipherable by what we know of their antecedents.

In the preface to "The Parisians," the present Lord Lytton explains the moral purpose of the work. He tells us that in "The Coming Race," "Kenelm Chillingly," and "The Parisians," the author had one object before him. He designed each of them as "an expostulation against what seemed to him the perilous popularity of certain social and political theories, or a warning against the influence of certain intellectual tendencies upon individual character and national life." Accordingly, "The Coming Race" was a satirical work of pure fancy; "Kenelm Chillingly" shows the effects of modern ideas on an individual, and "The Parisians" their action upon a community. The three works, therefore, should be read in connection, as illustrating under different aspects the same central idea. The scene of "The Parisians" is laid in the French metropolis during the period immediately preceding the late war, and ends, so far as it was completed, with one of Trochu's abortive *sorties* during the siege of Paris. The underplot is managed with great skill. Until we have almost reached the conclusion, there is no clue to the mystery of Louise Duval, and when the secret is unfolded, it turns out by no means as the acutest novel reader would have expected. Paris society, with its *salons* and clubs and *cafés*, passes before us. There are one or two of the old *noblesse*, some *chevaliers d'industrie*, devotees of the Bourse, sharpers, Bohemians and workmen. The canvas is crowded; but the characters do not jostle one another, and even among specimens of a class, each preserves his own indi-

viduality. It would be of course presumptuous to offer an opinion upon the correctness of the portraiture; we are told, however, that "persons of political experience and social position in France have acknowledged the general accuracy of the author's descriptions, and noticed the suggestive sagacity and penetration of his occasional comments on the circumstances and sentiments he describes."

The early part of the story exhibits France in that state of feverish unrest which immediately preceded the outbreak of the German war. The accession of Ollivier to the Emperor's councils, the attempt at grafting constitutional government upon a military despotism, the *plébiscite*, celebrated by MM. Erkmann-Chatrian, formed the prelude to the catastrophe. Meanwhile the sham nobility of the Empire, at least on the female side, were as lavish in expenditure, and as sumptuous in entertainment, as the people of Pompeii on the night when Vesuvius belched forth its ashes and engulfed them all. The speculators at the Bourse were never busier in making and losing fortunes; but in dark *ruelles* there was conspiracy brewing; democracy began to raise its head, and matters looked threatening for the Napoleonic régime. Hence the war by which the Emperor endeavoured to cut the gordian knot and to consolidate his power.

We have no intention of sketching the plot of "The Parisians," because we prefer that our readers should unravel it for themselves. It seems to us treason both to an author and to his public to emasculate a work of fiction by removing its framework and presenting it as a skeleton to the reader. It will suffice if we glance at a few of the principal characters introduced to us in the novel. The *dramatis personæ* are so numerous, and each of them is drawn with such evident care for its distinct individuality, that we must of necessity omit many that may seem worthy of separate comment. The character which chiefly, perhaps alone, lays hold of the reader's affections, is the heroine, Isaura Cicogna. The author does not catalogue her beauties, but rather suggests them in a few sentences. "Certainly the girl is very lovely—what long dark eye-lashes, what soft, tender, dark blue eyes—now that she looks up and smiles, what a bewitching smile it is!—by what sudden play of rippling dimples the smile is enlivened and redoubled! * * * Note next those hands—how beautifully shaped! small, but not doll-like hands—ready and nimble, firm and nervous hands, that could work for a helpmate." She had been trained for the lyric stage. Her voice was "mellow and rich, but so soft that its power was lost in its sweetness, and so exquisitely fresh in every note. But the singer's charm was less in voice than in feeling—she conveyed to the listener so much more than was said

by the words, or even implied by the music." She was proud of her art, but her pride went before a fall. She had met her "fate," and that fate was an Englishman who seems, with a certain *arrière pensée*, to have also fallen in love with her. It jarred upon his sense of propriety, however, to think of taking a public singer to wife; there was another obstacle—but of that presently. The poor girl, thinking that her profession was the only hindrance to their happiness, surrendered her brilliant prospects almost without a pang. She betook herself to story writing, supplied the *feuilleton* for *Le Sens Commun* and shunned the public gaze. Her sacrifice was bootless; for her admirer saw her surrounded by the Paris Bohemians, saw one of them devoting himself to her, and was as far removed from her as before. We need not follow Isaura's fortunes; she performed more than a woman's service during the siege, and it is consolatory to find, from what was indeed the author's "Chapter the Last," that all went well in the end.

We must now glance for a moment at Mr. Graham Vane—a young English gentleman, well-educated, polished, and with more than an average fund of generous impulses. He showed his good taste in admiring Isaura both for her beauty and her accomplishments, and the soundness of his heart finally asserted itself in affection for a girl who was pure and self-sacrificing. Yet there is something about the conduct of "Gram Varn," as his friend Lemercier called him, which we do not like. It is quite true that there was the mystery of Louise Duval pressing like a night-mare upon him; but that ought to have effectually deterred him from engaging Isaura's affection and indicating pretty plainly, though not in so many words, that it was returned. Of the Duval mystery she knew nothing; on the other hand, it haunted Vane night and day, and he made it the subject of matrimonial calculation. He knew very well, that, under certain circumstances, he could not, or at least would not, marry Isaura, and yet he kept hovering about her, without declaring his passion or disclosing his difficulties. The heroic character of the story is Victor de Mauléon, who had formerly gone into voluntary exile because of a slanderous accusation. Whether he appears as M. Lebeau the conspirator, the gentlemanly hanger-on of the *salons*, or the brave soldier who perishes by the assassinating hand of one of his old Rouge colleagues, he stands out as the most firmly and vigorously drawn personage of the story. Gustave Rameau is the type of Paris Bohemianism, delicate and feverish and extravagant in speech and writing—one of the "Lost Tribe of Absinthe." Then there are the two brothers Enguerrand and Raoul, the one a gay butterfly of fashion, the other a benevolent

ascetic ; Savarin, the brilliant *littérateur*, for whose portrait Ernest Renan may have stood ; Alain de Rochebriant, the proud and penniless lord of a Breton castle ; Louvier and Duplessis, bankers, the rival monarchs of the Bourse ; the gay, nonchalant Frederic Lemercier, and a host of others. There is also Julie Caumartin, the unfortunate, who loved Rameau, and who sought and found forgiveness in the dark days of French tribulation ; and then there is Mrs. Morley, an American lady who must surely have been drawn from the life, she is so good-hearted, so inquisitive, so fond of making love-matches, so anxious to be a *dea ex machina* to estranged lovers. But our space is exhausted and we must here conclude. We only hope we have given sufficient evidence of the merits of the work to induce those of our readers who have not read it, to consult for themselves the last, and we think, the best of the score of fictions from the pen of Edward, Lord Lytton.

CANADA ON THE PACIFIC. By Charles Horetzky.
Montreal : Dawson Bros.

We have already noticed in these pages a pamphlet by Mr. Horetzky, suggesting the feasibility of the Peace River Valley, as the route across the Rocky Mountains, of the Pacific Railroad. That pamphlet, or some letters of which it was partly composed, attracted the attention of the chief engineer of the road, Mr. Fleming, and from him Mr. Horetzky received instructions to make a *reconnaissance* of that Pass. The present work is the result of a journey made in the autumn and winter of 1872, from Edmonton to the Pacific. It is difficult to say whether the author was as favourably impressed with the advantages of this Pass after he had made an examination of it as he had been before. But he still regards the route as practicable, though he does not conceal the great difficulties that would have to be encountered. In the Rocky Mountains, a series of level terraces, rising one above another, are met ; and they are often abruptly terminated, leaving the difficulty of precipices to be overcome. The conclusion to which this journey through the mountains led Mr. Horetzky is rather feebly stated : that "the construction of a road through this valley would not be impossible, and at some future time may become an accomplished fact." The highest point met with between

Lesser Stone Lake, on the east side of the mountains, and Lake Stewart on the west, is a ridge lying between McLeod and Long Lake, its elevation being two thousand six hundred and sixty-five feet above the level of the sea. But Mr. Horetzky is of opinion that a point of crossing may be found at less than two thousand feet elevation, either by the Pine Summit River Lake Pass or the Peace River Valley. This opinion is apparently founded on the fact that the highest point crossed in this exploration was between four and five hundred feet higher than the true watershed separating the affluents of the Peace from those of Frazer River. But the question still remains whether a favourable Pass can be found through the elevation west of the Rocky Mountains. Bute Inlet is spoken of as being practically without a rival for the western terminus of the Pacific Railway. It is recommended by its accessibility to the interior by the Chilcotin Valley, and from its being within a "practicable distance" of Vancouver Island.

The decline of the power of the Hudson's Bay Company had gone further than most persons, who had not come in contact with it where it so long held sway, had any idea of. It is in the nature of a monopoly to become inert unless spurred to activity by some exceptional conditions of its existence. The commencement of the decline of the Company's power carries us back fifteen years, and seems to have been in part owing to the death of Sir George Simpson, whose great influence with the directors his successor did not inherit. Governor McTavish could never induce them to allow him a force of fifty men to keep the peace. The half-breeds on the Red River and the Saskatchewan are said to have made the Company a mere plaything for several years ; a fact which accounts for the otherwise inexplicable conduct of the Company during the rebellion of 1869. The newly-imported servants of the Company did not carry their notions of passive obedience to the same extent that those of former times did, and petty traders introduced liquor, that great source of demoralization among savages. The Company had become a mere shadow of its former self ; and it is evident that it sold out to Canada at the right time, for it could not much longer have performed the duties required of it, and which it had discharged on the whole remarkably well. This monopoly had had its day, and done nearly all the work it was capable of doing.

LITERARY NOTES.

THE day, we feel assured, has passed by when to launch a creditable and worthy enterprise in Canadian serial literature was to commit to the waters a bark that was sure to founder. Disastrous, indeed, has been the history of native literary ventures in times past, but under the vigorous and helpful influences of the nationality which has come of Confederation, we are hopeful of the future, nay, of the present, of literary projects and journalistic undertakings. No more hopeful sign could be afforded in this respect than to find that, in spite of failure and disappointment in the past, new attempts are ever being made to occupy the fields open to the talent and culture which Canada can so ably fill. Especially timely in the new attempt made, and one that has already achieved success, to supply an organ of independent and critical thought in the domain of politics and literature. The establishment in Toronto of *The Nation*, a journal "devoted to national politics, national culture and national progress," is a matter for hearty and sincere congratulation, and the more so when we see the elevated tone and the manly independence which characterize the writing appearing in its pages. Undertaken by those admirably fitted to conduct it, possessed of large experience, and, moreover, substantially endowed with capital, the prospects of the new journal are of the most gratifying character. We look to it to fill an important position in weekly journalism, giving tone to the political discussions of the time, and itself free from and unbiassed by the interests of either individuals or parties.

Messrs. Jas. Adam & Co., Subscription Book publishers, have just issued a portly volume from the pen of the late editor of "The Canada Farmer," Mr. C. E. Whitcombe, entitled "The Canadian Farmer's Manual of Agriculture—the Principles and Practice of Mixed Husbandry as adapted to Canadian soils and climate." The volume is very attractively got up, is profusely illustrated, and must prove of great service to the native agriculturist. It is written in clear and simple language, free as much as possible from technical phrases, and conveys a perfect library of matter in the interest of rural labour.

We welcome with pleasure the issue of a new and serviceable map of Ontario, with the imprimatur of Messrs. Jas. Campbell & Son. It is attrac-

tive in appearance, legible and accurate in its enumeration of localities, and withal cheap and handy for the pocket.

The new issues from the press of Messrs. Hunter, Rose & Co., embrace a work of fiction from the pen of Anthony Trollope, entitled "Lady Anna," which has just been completed in the *Fortnightly Review*, and a volume of Canadian poetry—a collection of lyrics and miscellaneous poems, by Mr. Alex. McLachlan, of Erin. There is a good deal of vigorous writing in the latter, and much that should be stamped as true poetry, though the versification is not always up to the standard that a critical taste would exact.

Mr. Whitaker, editor of the London *Bookseller*, has in preparation a work which will be indispensable to book connoisseurs, viz.: "A Reference Catalogue of Current Literature, containing the full titles of works now in print and on sale by the various publishers in the United Kingdom." The work will make an octavo volume of about 3000 pages, and is to be issued at a nominal price.

Messrs. Scribner, Armstrong & Co. make the important announcement that they have a new and "Popular History of the United States" in preparation. The work is to be under the editorial supervision of the Poet Bryant; and, we understand, it is to be profusely illustrated and to consist of some three octavo volumes. The period embraced in the work is from that of the earliest authentic history of the Western Continent to the close of the first century of American Independence.

A series of favourite authors, to be called "Little Classics," is about to be brought out by the Messrs. Osgood, of Boston. The first of the issue is to be called "Exiles," and will embrace a number of short brochures which have earned notoriety, but which from their little bulk are apt to be exiles from the language. A number of volumes are already projected and will shortly appear.

Admirers of the writings of George Eliot, the talented authoress of "Adam Bede," will be glad to know that a collection of poetry from her pen is about to appear. The title of the collection will be "A Legend of Jubal and other Poems," and we believe arrangements are being made for a Canadian edition of the volume to be undertaken by Messrs. Adam, Stevenson & Co.